

THE LONDON MAGAZINE :



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AND

A curious MACHINE for raising Coals from the Pit.

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30	117½	58½	61½	58	16½	12½			10	58½		58½	11	13	6	4	N W	—
31	118½		61½		16	12			10				11	13	6	4	N W	—
32	118½		61½		16	12			9			59½	11	13	6	4	N E	—
33	118½	59½	61½		16	12½			9	51½			11	13	6	4	N E	Fair
34	118½	58½	61½		16	12½			10				11	13	5	4	N E	—
35	Sunday				16	12½									75		N E	—
36		51½	61½		16	12	149½						11	13	6	4	N W	Rain
37	111½	59½	61½	57½	16	12	149½		9				11	13	5	4	N W	Snow
38		59½	61½		16	12			10				11	13	6	4	N W	Snow
39		61½	61½		16	12½			10			59	10½	13	6	4	N W	Frost
40	111	61½	61½		16	12	149½	56½	10	58	59½		10½	13	10	5	N W	Rain
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44		59	61½		16	12			9		59½		10	13	19	4	N W	Frost
45		8	61½		16	12			9			58½	10	13	18	4	N W	—
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52		58	61		16	12			5				11	16	13	5	N W	—
53		53	60		16	12			13		59½	58½	11	17	18	5	N W	Rain
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59			61												75			

AVERAGE PRICES of GRAIN, by the Standard Winchester Bushel.
Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.
Oats. Beans.
Barley. Oats. Beans.
Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.



The Right Hon^{ble}

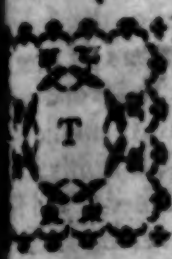
CHA^S WOLFRAN CORNWALL

Speaker of the House of Commons

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1780.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES
WOLFRAN CORNEWALL, Esq. &c.

(With an engraved Portrait, after a Drawing from the Life.)

 THE election of a new Speaker of the House of Commons, on the meeting of the new parliament, having been attended with an animated debate, and a warm contest, almost unprecedented in the annals of parliament, public curiosity is naturally excited, to know something of a gentleman who has been chosen to that high dignity, in the face of a powerful opposition, determined, as far as in them lay, to reinstate the old Speaker.

An account of the debate upon the election, the election of the new speaker, his presentation to his majesty, and the speech he made to the king, our readers will find in the Parliamentary History, continued, as usual, in our next. We wish it had been in our power to have given in this place more ample memoirs; but the little that is known of Mr. Cornwall before the year 1764, and the few incidents that have arisen since in his public character as a member of parliament, oblige us to be very concise.

Mr. Cornwall was educated for the profession of the law, was called to the bar, and rising in practice when the late Mr. Grenville was at the head of the Treasury. That honest minister, however mistaken he may have been in the opinion of many persons of great abilities, in taxing America, is allowed by all, to have been a faithful and prudent administrator of the public revenues. The most extravagant demands being made upon the Treasury after the last war by the army commissaries, German and English, for stores and other articles furnished to the British and German forces in the pay of Great Britain, serving in Germany,

Mr. Grenville determined to have their accounts scrutinized, and if the charges were not equitable, to reduce them. Mr. Cornwall being skilled in arithmetical calculations, and a proper judge of the difference between legal and illegal demands, was appointed principal commissioner for adjusting and liquidating these intricate accounts. The happy consequences of Mr. Cornwall's assiduity and judgement, and of the minister's resolution and integrity, were a saving to the nation of several millions.

At the general election in 1768, Mr. Cornwall was returned member for Grampound, a Cornish borough, the Duke of Grafton being then First Lord of the Treasury, and was in the list of his opponents, particularly in the affair of the Middlesex election, for we find his name amongst the minority, who thought that the votes of 1143 freeholders, who had elected Mr. Wilkes, ought to have intitled him to his seat, instead of the votes of 296, seating Colonel Lutterell; so that Mr. Wilkes has now the satisfaction of seeing an able lawyer, elected Speaker of the House of Commons, who gave his vote in favour of the legality of his election, and the further pleasure of having it declared by the present ministry, that Mr. Cornwall is duely qualified for his high office, by his knowledge of the *laws of the land, and of the law of parliament*. His friends, no doubt, will avail themselves of this circumstance, to support the motion which he has annually made for the House to rescind the resolution by which Colonel Lutterell was declared duely elected; especially as so many friends of the constitution regard it to this day as a daring violation of the rights of the electors of Great Britain.

It appears by Mr. Cornwall's conduct in parliament, that he continued with the opposition till the year 1774, when approving of the coercive measures against America, he was taken into administration, being appointed a Lord of the Treasury, at the same time with Lord Beauchamp, in the room of Charles Fox, dismissed for voting against the same measures, and the promotion of Jeremiah Dyson to be Cofferer of the Household. This promotion took place in the month of March, and the parliament was dissolved in October.

Mr. Cornwall was chosen in the next parliament member for Winchelsea, one of the Cinque Ports; and at the general election for the present new parliament, he was rechosen for the same place. This, we find, was objected to him by his opponents, and likewise his being a placeman, on a supposition that both these situations subject him to the influence of the crown; but these objections were answered, by quoting precedents of members under the same circumstances having been elected Speakers.

It remains only to observe, that Mr. Cornwall's personal advantages, as well as his mental accomplishments, peculiarly qualify him for his high station. In his countenance are combined dignity to command, and affability to condescend. He is remarkably tall, has the appearance of full health, vigour, and activity. In fine, he seems as if he could be the ATLAS of a falling House, there is therefore no doubt but he will firmly and nobly support a new one.

May the writer be permitted to suggest one hint; that, while the indulgence is granted to strangers of admission into the gallery, the titles and contents of every private and public bill may be read distinctly and audibly; for gentlemen out of parliament, and foreigners of rank, will never be persuaded otherwise, than that every thing which passes in that august assembly merits to be clearly heard. In the House of Lords this point of decorum is constantly observed.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. XXXVIII

*Hæc et quæ possunt placidos offendere mores
Cogunt relinqui mania,
Dulcia secreti repetantur ut oia ruris
Nugis amena feriis;
Tempora disponas ubi tu tua, jusque tuum sit
Ut nihil agas vel quod voles.*

AUSONIUS.

“Scenes which fine sensibility disgust,
If you would shun, the city fly you must,
Rural retirement sweetly to enjoy
In placid ease, while small pursuits employ;
Where of your time you are the master still,
And may do nothing, or just what you will.”

JOHN DRYDEN is said to have been the inventor of that mode of English versification called a *triplet*, which is bringing together three lines, all ending with the same sound. Dryden, who was a man of great philosophical thinking and dignity of character, appears to have been very desirous of accounting for every part of his poetical conduct in a satisfactory manner; and he with much grave plausibility assigns what may perhaps appear to some a very profound reason for his use of the triplet. “I frequently (says he) make use of triplet rhymes, because they bound the

sense, making the last verse of the triplet a pindarick.” Here is a semblance of critical ratiocination, the meaning of which, I confess, eludes my understanding. For, the sense must be of a very intractable substance, that cannot be compressed into one couplet, or expanded into two, but is fitted only to the precise extent of three lines: and how the last verse of a triplet is made a pindarick, I really do not conceive. With all deference for Dryden, whose name is venerable and illustrious, I do not mention what I was told by a person eminent for his knowledge of

anecdotes. It seems, the real reason of that poet's introducing so many triplets into his works, was his objector's objecting that he had not omitted the compliment of lines for which he had agreed. Upon which he went down, and added three lines to a number of couplets, till the objection was removed.

All this concerning *Dryden* is a digression from the subject of my paper. I meant only to observe, that as *Dryden* introduced triplets of verses, I have, though unintentionally, indeed, introduced triplets of essays.—Three on Love—three on Death—and now three on Living in the Country. But it will be kept in mind, that when I set forth with my readers as a periodical essayist, I did not undertake to conduct them along any particular path of science, or to any fixed point of entertainment. If I can instruct or amuse them in any way, however desultory, I am in my end; and I flatter myself, that the present introductory digression will not displease.

I am now to continue my reflections on living in the country; and I can help pleasing myself with fancying these reflections may "soothe some weary souls," when from bad weather, want of occupation, the time which they are obliged to remain at a distance from town, seems tedious and dreary.

Young people who have tasted of the pleasures of gay life in cities, just enough to give a keen inclination for the same enjoyment, are seriously distressed, and therefore truly objects of pity when forced into the country.

Pope's description of a miss in situation, in his epistle to Miss *Wentworth*, is admirably just; and I do de-

clare, I think it is inhumane not to endeavour to prevent or relieve such uneasiness; in order to which there should be a delicate attention employed, gradually, to produce in them a love of the country, and to cultivate a taste for it, of which the ingenious and lamented *Fordyce* beautifully disposes in his "Dialogues concerning Education." Differ as we may as to the general preference of living in town, or in the country, every one whose mind is not utterly callous to these impressions, must, in some moment of his life, be sensible of the desire which the contemplation of beau-

tiful Nature affords. *Volusentus* says well, *Natura nemini noverca*, "Nature is a stepmother to none;" and when the mind is in a pure placid state, no earthly pleasure can be more relished than that which arises from the "knowledge of Nature's works," with which Thomson, in his *Seasons*, prays to be "enriched." Nay, even without knowledge, we can receive much enjoyment from mere sensation. But we must have our capacities open to the influence of nature. We must be within their reach. It is a pretty remark by *Les Saisons*, a modern French poem, when speaking of the happiness of peasants, that they are

Si près de la Nature ils sentent tous ses bienfaits,
"So near to Nature they feel all her beneficence."

And how much is the felicity in contemplating nature increased, if we rise to devotion,

"And look thro' Nature up to Nature's God."
Pope.

But I am afraid that many people who reside in the country, or who visit it occasionally, are very little disposed to the mild serene enjoyment of nature; but have their minds as coarsely interested with projects of gain, and their passions as much heated with rivalships, and above all, with political contests, as brokers in Change-Alley, or electors in Westminster. To these a country life is much the same as a town life. If the attention be wholly fixed on similar objects in town and in the country, the difference of place, being unperceived, is nothing, as a man drunk in town is just the same as a man drunk in the country.

I have observed that there are no greater pedants than country gentlemen. By pedants, I mean people whose conversation is entirely filled with their own pursuits, without regard to others in company, who know nothing of the subject. Agriculture is no doubt very estimable, because it is indispensably necessary to our subsistence, since the earth was cursed for the disobedience of man, and he was doomed to "eat bread in the sweat of his brow;" yet when the distinction of ranks in a numerous nation has been long established by civilization, those who are elevated by rank or riches, escape this doom in the literal sense. If they have gold enough, they live

live in the golden age so far in effect that they enjoy all the productions of the earth without bodily labour, as freely as if they sprung up to them spontaneously; and it is most certainly true, that there are numbers of people in the city of London who have not the least notion of the processes by which the various articles of living are procured, and who, for instance, would be quite amazed if told that their hot rolls come from a plant which they may see covering the ground in the spring like the grass in the Green Park. Agriculture, therefore, to a great proportion of people, is a very indifferent, and a very dull topic; and although Addison, in his elegant metaphorical language, tells us that Virgil, in his Georgicks, tosses about his dung gracefully: there is to most of us no grace in any part of actual farming. Country gentlemen therefore should consider this; and not oblige all of their guests to hear nothing but what concerns rustic operations. Still more should they be delicate as to taking them out to walk and view their improvements, or perhaps to stand by them while they look on their labourers at work. If a guest asks to see what is going on about a gentleman's seat, let him have all advantages for satisfying his curiosity, or learning something which he did not know before. But gentlemen are too apt to trespass on the complying good manners of their guests, and will carry them to survey prodigious plantations scarcely peeping over the tops of the long grass, immense tracts of land which were cleared of furze, levelled and limed the year before, and thousands of yards of stone wall or ditch and hedge, with which they have enclosed a number of farms, the rents of which they expect will at least be tripled. All these things may be, very true, of that consequence. But what are they to the guests? What is worse, some country gentlemen will keep their unhappy guests for hours on their legs, while they oversee a parcel of fellows quarrying stones, or hang in dumb attention over the inanimate prospect of a burning heath, which may be good entertainment to the proprietor, who expects to gain by it, but is a sorry amusement to other people.

As a contrast to such grievous oppression of guests, I can with pleasure mention, from my own knowledge, the

behaviour of a worthy, amiable, and accomplished country gentleman, who makes his friends heartily welcome, but no more thinks of harrassing them with surveys of his farming operations than of obliging them to see dinner dress in his kitchen. Nay, though remarkably well skilled in country affairs, and fond of them as to write a British Georgick, I have known him have a learned and ingenious friend with him who having no taste for farming, begged leave to enjoy the country in the house; and lay on a settee in the parlour, looking out to the garden and prospects beyond it: this he called *rusticating*, and was indulged in it with the utmost good humour.

A much more intimate acquaintance is formed in the country than in town. In town we see each other only during fragments of our existence, and more easily assume what character we please. But in the country we have whole days together; and each day a life, as Shakspeare says in Macbeth, so that it is exceedingly difficult to disguise our real tempers and dispositions. Then there is the pleasure of having casual supplies of company and conversation, which we enjoy with a higher relish than constant good society, of which we are sure; as it has been I believe justly remarked, that it is more agreeable to receive occasional acquisitions of money by a profession or trade, than have a certain annual income. And when there is a good society in the country of people who like and esteem one another, there is comfort and cordiality beyond what is found in any other mode of living. They for a time all form one family, the master of which may, according to the agreeable principles of the fourth commandment, consider each guest "the stranger that is within his gate," as in some degree under his care in every respect, even to his religion and morals.

There is one view of a country gentleman's life which pleases me most, that is considering him as maintaining the station which his ancestors have held for generations. In doing this with benevolence and propriety, he may indulge at once in affectionate attachment and laudable pride.

In the Annual Register, 1765, there are some very agreeable reflections on this subject, said to be extracted from

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written by the Reverend Mr. [unclear], of East-Newton, Yorkshire. [unclear] points out the advantage of the [unclear] of an ancient inheritance being [unclear] at the family-seat in his early [unclear], as much as is consistent with the [unclear] of a liberal education; and [unclear] the following example: "I [unclear] a courtier, a man of taste and [unclear], who, though generally confined [unclear] the nature of his employment in and [unclear] town, yet endeavours every sum- [unclear] to bring down his eldest son from [unclear] minister school to his country seat, [unclear] and lived upon by his ances-

tors for several generations, 'that he may learn to love it,' as he expresses himself." He shews, that if an inter- course of mutual tenderness between father and son has been preserved while living together upon their paternal ground, the best effects will follow. He quotes a beautiful passage from Tully's Second Book of Laws, as to the peculiar delight which we feel at a fa- mily seat where we have passed our youth. If the writer of the reflections be alive, he has my best wishes; and I should be happy to know more of him.

ATUM.—In the Hypochondriack, No. XXXVII. p. 446, col. 2, l. 39. for regular,

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

New comedy, called THE GENE- ROUS IMPOSTOR, was perform- ed the first time at the Theatre in Drury-Lane, on Thursday, November 23.

The Characters of the Drama.

cast, represent- }
by } Mr. Parsons.
Jacob Oldgrove, Mr. Baddeley.
Harry Glenville, Mr. Palmer.
Oldgrove, Mr. Dodd.
Courtly, Mr. Bensley.
Miss Farren.
Miss Pope.

plot of this piece is taken from [unclear] comedy, intitled, *Le Dispa-* [unclear] be found in the dramatic works [unclear] [unclear], and is worked up and [unclear] by the reputed author (an [unclear] clergyman.) Harry Glenville, a young man of [unclear], indulging himself in all the [unclear] extravagancies of the times, [unclear] the point of marriage with Mrs.

open, generous temper, exposes [unclear] the artifices of flatterers and [unclear], who encourage him in his [unclear], in order to profit by it; and [unclear] the facility with which he supplies [unclear] to his boundless profu- [unclear] involves him in such difficulties, [unclear] is compelled to sell the greatest [unclear] at his impending ruin, Mrs. [unclear] resolves to reclaim him. She

had tried every expedient that love could suggest, but to no purpose.

She is at length persuaded that no- thing but absolute ruin can save him, and this she determines to anticipate, before it can be accomplished by the hands of others. To this purpose she agrees with her favourite maid, Phillis, to employ the services of Supple, who of all Sir Harry's dependents, has the greatest influence with him. Supple himself has designs on the widow's for- tune, and has agreed to play off upon him, a lively coquettish relation of his, for whom Sir Harry had before been supposed to have conceived a passion, in order to make her supplant the widow. He therefore listens the more willingly to Mrs. Courtly's proposals, and in the prosecution of his own designs against each, plays a double part, and endea- vours to fill their minds with mutual jealousies. Sir Harry suffers himself to be deceived; but Mrs. Courtly, better acquainted with Supple's real character, turns his schemes against himself.

Sir Harry's chief reliance, after the loss of his own fortune, is on an old uncle, who is in the country. He per- suades him by his letters to think that he has renounced all his extravagant habits, and the old man, in his joy at such an event, resolves to pay him a vi- sit in town. He arrives on the very day that Sir Harry had appointed to give a magnificent entertainment to his friends. Undeceived by this circum- stance, and incensed at being imposed on by his nephew, he resolves to disin- herit

herit him, and to leave his fortune to Mrs. Courtly, who is his next relation.

This she at first opposes, but afterwards consents to, in order to accomplish her own plan. At the same time she directs Supple to engage the baronet in a party at piquet with her, to let her into his hand, and to take advantage of his warm, impatient temper, and urge him to risque all he possessed, which he does, and loses. She then takes care to inform him of his uncle's having disinherited him, and continues to treat him with indifference.

Thus reduced to distress, Sir Harry has recourse to his friends, but they

refuse him assistance. Dorinda for him, and Supple adds insult to his gratitude. His servant is the friend, who continues faithfully attached to him. He gives way to despair and resolves to put an end to his existence; but as he is on the point of doing his purpose, Mrs. Courtly intervenes and prevents him. She dissuades her design to him, puts him again in possession of his fortune, and recommends him with his Uncle, who with Courtly's father consents to their marriage.

The comedy was received with applause, and as a first production the author great credit.

AN E C D O T E S.

FRENCH FLATTERY AND DECEIT.

KING William III. had a Frenchman who took care of his majesty's pointers, and whose business it was likewise to load and deliver his fowling pieces to the king. It happened however one day, that monsieur forgot to bring out any shot with him to the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so ea-

ger a sportsman as the king, he hid his majesty the gun charged only with powder. The king firing without effect, the cunning Frenchman threw up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and extolling the king's skill in shooting, vowed he never seen *sa Majesté* miss his shot before in his life.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

AN old gentleman having occasion for a footman, desired his nephew to look out for one; and as he could not find any other whom he thought would suit him, he desired his own to hire himself to his uncle. The man who revered his young master reluctantly quitted him, but being persuaded it would be for his advantage he repaired to the old gentleman, who being confident that his nephew would not recommend him an improper person, only asked him, if he understood *sequences*. "I do not know, Sir (replied the man) but if you will be pleased to explain yourself, I hope I shall be able to give you satisfaction?"—"I mean, said, the old gentleman, that when I order you to lay the cloth, you should understand by it all the things connected with it, as the knives, forks, salt, spoons, &c., &c. And so upon all occasions, not to do barely what you are bid, by word of mouth, but to think of the *Consequences*, *Sequences* or dependencies of one thing upon another."

The man assured him that he had not the least doubt of pleasing him, accordingly he was hired, and for some time they agreed perfectly well; but at last,

his master finding himself suddenly one morning ordered him to go and get a nurse, as soon as possible. In returning with speed, he was absent for several hours; and the moment he came into his master's presence, he was severely reprimanded him for having been so long away, when he had been on business that required delay. The arch fellow waited till the old gentleman's passion was abated, and then proceeded to justify his conduct in the following manner. "That he had found the Nurse who was below stairs, thinking the *Consequence* of his being so long away, he thought he might be an Apothecary, he had been for one, who was also below stairs, knowing, a Doctor always follows an Apothecary he had likewise seen a Physician who was in waiting. The surgeon was often he said the Surgeon, a Doctor, and an Undertaker in the *sequence* of all, he had therefore followed them, and hoped he had thereby understood his orders." The old man was so pleased with the honesty of the man, that he ordered him to go and get a Lawyer to make a codicil to his will, by which he left him a legacy.

THE SYLPH.
AN ENTERTAINING STORY.
FROM THE FRENCH.

THE Marchioness d'Autricourt, and Mademoiselle de Fontenay, two of the greatest wit and beauty at court of France, had been diverting themselves one evening with reading the *Conte de Gabalis*, a book which pretends to prove, that all the elements are inhabited by a sort of people peculiar to themselves; the air, by Sylphs, which are of a surprising beauty; the earth, by Salamanders, who are not only as beautiful as the Sylphs, but, like the fire element, have abundantly more vigour and life; the water, by Nymphs, who, although of an inferior rank to the two before mentioned, are yet very handsome; and the earth, by Gnomes, who are very small, and of a disagreeable figure, but who are absolute masters of all the treasures the earth contains, a circumstance which has made many people more covetous of acquaintance with them than with the inhabitants of the other elements.

The two ladies then above mentioned, after having spent the evening in perusing this book, which furnished them with sufficient matter for a very agreeable conversation till bed-time, when it grew late, retired each of them to their respective apartments to their repose; where they had not long, before they both fell into a deep sleep. The Marchioness, however, had enjoyed the sweets thereof but a short time, when she was awakened by the noise she heard in her chamber. She opened her curtains immediately, by the light of a candle that was hanging by her bedside, perceived her room move, and saw a little gold key which seemed to hang down from the top of her bed by a sort of gold thread.

Upon the Marchioness, thinking herself still asleep, took all she saw for the effects of a dream, and using her usual efforts to wake herself, she grasped the candle, and sets it upon the table close to her bed. But she was not long laid down, before she saw her room move again, and the little key

hanging at the bed's tester as before; whereupon, although she was not naturally very credulous about apparitions, nor mighty apt to be frightened, all her courage forsook her; she turned pale, ran to Mademoiselle de Fontenay's chamber, and made her come and pass the rest of the night with her.

She then informed her of this unaccountable adventure, which she would likewise have taken for a dream, in her turn, if the marks of terror, which she observed in her friend's face, had not persuaded her there was something extraordinary therein. "You will see (said she, laughing, to the Marchioness) that it is some Sylph who is come to try whether your heart, which is so insensible of the merits of all mankind, is not to be moved by those of an inhabitant of the air."

"They say they love so faithfully (replied the Marchioness, who began to be encouraged by the presence of her friend) that I esteem them already more than all the lovers in the world; and besides (pursued she, laughing) as they have no other fault than requiring a too exact fidelity in love, methinks I should suit them very well; for you know, by my way of treating all those who pretend to have a passion for me, that I shall give them no great reason to be jealous."

The Marchioness had scarce uttered this, when she heard something strike three times upon a china jar, which stood upon a little table at the other end of the room. "This is beyond jesting (cried the frightened Fontenay, sinking down over head and ears in bed) I love only to have correspondence with the living, and beg you, madam, to call somebody to our assistance."—"That seems needless to me (replied the Marchioness) since there is no hurt done to us, besides, our servants would think us mad; we had better stay till it is light, which won't be long, the nights being but short at this time of the year."

"This, however, will seem very tedious to me (resumed Mademoiselle de Fontenay,

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Fontenay, still very much terrified) and I hope you will not take it ill, if I have not the honour of keeping you company to-morrow night."—"We will talk of that (answered the Marchioness) perhaps to-morrow we may be able to account for all this, without any thing supernatural, which will remove our fears entirely." She had no such thought, however, but her friend was so very much scared, that she said this to moderate her fright.

At last day appeared, and dispelled all their apprehensions; whereupon they got up, and being willing to look if any accident had happened to the jar, which had been struck upon, they carried it to the window, and took off the cover: but how were they surprised when they saw something sparkle therein, and Mademoiselle de Fontenay putting in her hand, and taking it out, found it to be a gold bracelet, enamelled with blue, and set with diamonds, whereon were these lines:

"To wear the fair Belinda's chain,
And at her feet to tell his pain,
What lover has more right than me?
Since in me she will always find
The Salamander's ardour join'd,
With the Sylph's strict fidelity."

"And even the treasures of the Gnomes (said Mademoiselle de Fontenay, after having observed the lustre and largeness of the diamonds) this (continued she, laughing) begins to grow too gallant, to be capable of creating any fear in us."—"I cannot for my life comprehend the meaning of this (answered the Marchioness) no soul was here yesterday; you may remember we were denied to every body, because we would make an end of reading the Count de Gabalis, which we were to return to day; and last night I removed this jar from the place where it was before, to where it stands now, and am sure there was nothing in it at that time."—"I will not pretend to resolve your doubts (replied Mademoiselle de Fontenay) for I comprehend as little of this adventure as you; but I will go and endeavour to make amends for the bad night it caused me." Hereupon the Marchioness went with her friend to her chamber, where getting into bed together, they slept very quietly till noon.

"It must be owned (said Mademoiselle de Fontenay to the Marchi-

oness, as soon as they were awake) that it is a great happiness not to be handsome as you; no lover, either celestial or terrestrial, comes to disturb repose."—"We must absolutely descend to the bottom of last night's mystery (answered the Marchioness, laughing at her friend's thought) the present has been made me, against my will, too considerable for me not to return it; if it were but a trifle, I would keep it, without troubling myself any further about it."—"Perhaps (replied Mademoiselle de Fontenay) the diamonds are not so fine as we at first imagined them; let us examine them again now it is broad day-light." Hereupon they got up, and going into the Marchioness's apartment, took up the bracelet, which they found in the place where they had left it, and thought the diamonds as fine as before; but, instead of the verses they had read in the morning, they found upon the gold enamelled with blue, a little cupid, half covered with a cloud, and round it the words: *I dare not*.

"What do you say now, my Marchioness (cried Mademoiselle de Fontenay) have we lost our senses? not that we read some verses upon the bracelet in the morning? It is the same we found in the jar, and yet the scene has changed, and it is quite altered what we have been asleep."—"Indeed (answered the Marchioness) there is nothing very surprising in all this; I will not speak a word of it, I beg you to leave we have some better insight into the past."

This was mutually agreed on, and the rest of the day passed away without hearing any thing of the Marchioness's invisible lover. She had company the afternoon, and about evening went in her coach with Mademoiselle de Fontenay to take the air. As she had a mind to discourse at liberty of their adventure the night before, she chose, instead of the Thuilleries, a private garden, which a sort of vineyard cultivated with great care, in the suburbs of Paris.

He received them with great politeness; and a little after, there came thither some courtiers, with whom the Marchioness could not avoid falling into conversation, because they were of her acquaintance. The master of the garden then shewed them some

common birds, with which he amused himself; and some silk-worms, with a great number of butterflies, whose wings were so wonderfully diversified with various colours, that the ablest painter in the world would have been very much put to it to have surpassed these masterpieces of nature.

All the company admired them greatly, and the Marchioness in particular, so charmed with them, that she said to her dear Fontenay with a smile, "If a Sylph would appear to me without threatening me, I would advise him to appear under this shape." Mademoiselle Fontenay was just going to answer when she perceived that the young Count de Ponteuil was listening to their conversation. "You are too curious," said Mademoiselle de Fontenay, "to hearken thus to ladies secrets."—"I have been sufficiently punished for my curiosity, madam (answered he) for I have not heard one word." A little after he went away to his friend, and the Marchioness having taken two or three turns more, returned home with Mademoiselle de Fontenay.

That night passed over very quietly; the Marchioness made her friend sleep by her, and nothing disturbed their repose, insomuch that it was past eleven in the morning, when they heard some one fall upon the floor, pretty near the bed. Hereupon the Marchioness, pulling her curtains, saw it was the same little gold key, fastened to a red and blue twist, which she had seen the night before; she shewed it to Mademoiselle de Fontenay; and getting out of bed, they took it up, without knowing what use it was designed for, and examined it very attentively.

Our lover (said the sprightly Fontenay, laughing) has doubtless been employed to night in fetching this key from London, which caused him to let us sleep so quietly."—"It is answered the Marchioness) that exactly like the English make; she continued she, jesting) my lover has passed the night after some other manner than in taking a trip to London, for it is certainly the same key I saw the night."—"Are not you already acquainted to know how he was employed? answered the agreeable Mademoiselle de Fontenay.) And are not you afraid of

his being indebted to some other for the sweets of immortality?"

The Marchioness smiled at her friend's jest, and begged her to think for what use this key could be designed; they did so, but all their study was in vain; when the Marchioness, resolving to lock it up in a cabinet of fine inlaid work which she had bought but a week before, found in the first drawer she opened what Mademoiselle de Fontenay and she had sought in vain: it was a little china casket, of admirable workmanship, to which she immediately imagined the key belonged, nor was she mistaken.

She opened the casket then, and found it full of bottles of rock crystal, set in gold, and separated from each other by partitions of blue velvet. The smell of the essences wherewith the bottles were filled, made them judge that they were the best Italy could afford; but, on their taking out one, whereon there was a writing, instead of finding thereon essence of jessamine, or orange-flowers, as usual, they read these words in letters of gold: *An infallible cure for falsehood.* "Oh! upon my word (said Mademoiselle de Fontenay, laughing) this present is infinitely more valuable than it at first seemed to us; your aerial lover, undoubtedly, is willing to communicate to us some of those wonderful secrets of which the celestial inhabitants are masters, and to which mankind are utter strangers."

"Let us see (cried the Marchioness, taking the second bottle) what this is good for," and read thereupon, *A preservative against the indiscretion of lovers.* "One may easily find customers enough for this secret (said the sprightly Fontenay) and I beg you would give it me to make my fortune in a trice."

"With all my heart (answered the Marchioness, jesting likewise) and the sooner, because I believe it will never be of any use to me."—"However, don't swear any thing (replied Mademoiselle de Fontenay) unless you depend very much upon the fidelity of the Sylphs."

"But let us examine the third bottle (continued she, taking it in her hands, and reading as follows) *An infallible philter to preserve or create love after marriage.*"—"Oh! for this (said the Marchioness) it is a pity the phial is so small, there would be no want of people to bestow it on."—"And what do you

say to this (replied Mademoiselle de Fontenay, reading the label on the next bottle) *Essence of true Cyprian poppy, to lay the jealous asleep.* This is not to be despised (resumed Mademoiselle de Fontenay) and I know some folks who would be very glad to borrow a few doses of it."—"Let us see what this here contains (said the Marchioness, and read as follows) *A specific to revive the passion, which time begins to extinguish.*"—"This (answered Mademoiselle de Fontenay) is a secret which we should find the most difficulty to dispose of; for I fancy, when a passion begins to decay, one has no great mind to re-kindle it."—"Let us see whether this contains any thing more useful (said the Marchioness, taking the last bottle, upon which she read these words) *A secret found out by Bacchus to alleviate the pains of absence.*"—"It must be champagne then (cried Mademoiselle de Fontenay, laughing) but let us examine what is in a box that is in the middle of the casket."—"It is a very fine patch-box," answered the Marchioness, looking upon it, but opening it she found a note, wherein were these verses:

"Amongst so many secrets rare;
I none have put, whereby the fair,
May keep their beauty from decay;
You, like the goddesses on high,
Belinda, no such arts need try,
Since your's will never fade away."

"Whoever this invisible lover is (said the Marchioness, after having read these verses) it must be owned, that there is abundance of wit and invention in all he does."—"And abundance of magnificence likewise," answered Mademoiselle de Fontenay. "I am absolutely resolved on diving to the bottom of this adventure (replied the Marchioness) and I will put up the key of the cabinet so securely, that it shall not be possible for the future to convey any thing therein, unless some superior power does actually interpose: it will be necessary, besides, to examine all my servants, that we may judge whether any of them have a correspondence with the person who is the author of all this gallantry."—"That shall be my province (said Mademoiselle de Fontenay) and I will leave no stone unturned to discover the truth; but take care not to leave your key where any one can get at it."—"I warrant you" answered the

Marchioness, and immediately put it with all imaginary precaution in her pocket.

That night the two friends went to the play, and from thence to take a walk in the Thuilleries, where they were joined by the Count de Ponteuil, with some other noblemen; and their conversation being very agreeable, they staid till it was pretty late. Being come home, and having supped, and dismissed their attendants, "As for this night (said the Marchioness) we shall be secure from presents; I have the key of the cabinet still in my pocket, and it is impossible any thing should be conveyed into it."—"Let us see that," answered Mademoiselle de Fontenay, taking the key and opening one of the drawers. But she had hardly done so when something coming hastily out of it, brushed by her face, and put out the candle.

Hereupon she gave a great shriek and the Marchioness going up to her with another candle, they saw that the accident had been caused by a number of butterflies, which had come out of the drawer, and flying several times through the candle, had put it out with a great deal of ease. "Oh! heavens! (said the Marchioness) what all this?"—"I am terrified to death (answered the frightened Fontenay) don't you remember that it came in your head the day before yesterday, the cursed garden wherein we were walking, to wish that your Sylph would appear to you under the shape of the butterflies, which we thought so beautiful? But what business have I, to have no manner of concern in your curiosity, nor no lovers, to undergo these frights?"—"Upon my word (replied the Marchioness) I am so terrified myself that I know not what to say, let us call some of the servants." Accordingly they rung the bell for the Marchioness' women, who were all very much astonished to see a number of butterflies flying up and down the chamber, and round the candles, some of which they put out from time to time, because they were in clusters through the flame.

Hereupon the Marchioness retired to lie in Mademoiselle de Fontenay's chamber, and caused all the windows of her's to be set open, to make, as she saying is, a golden bridge for the

retreat: nevertheless, she and her friend did not sleep very quietly, and there were no manner of reasonings to which they had not recourse to account for this last adventure, which seemed to them the most surprising of all; for whatever correspondence there might be with one of the domestics and a lover, who might have corrupted him, none of them could possibly know what the Marchioness had said only in a jest to her friend at the Virtuoso's.

At last day appeared, and the Marchioness, who could not sleep, proposed to her friend to take the air a little in a balcony that looked upon the garden; accordingly they got up, and as the Marchioness was going to put on her night-gown, she saw a butterfly come out of it, which redoubled her fear, and which flew out in all haste at the balcony door that Mademoiselle de Fontenay had just set open. This terrified her so much, that she hardly durst touch her night-gown any more; but Mademoiselle de Fontenay encouraged her a little; and helping her to put it on, a note fell out of one of the sleeves, wherein they found these verses, when they had recovered courage enough to open and read it:

Belinda, why d'you choose that I
Shou'd in this trifling form appear?
To please my charmer I comply,
And yield the mean disguise to wear.
But, in this despicable state,
Tho' I'm allow'd your charms to view,
Much happier would be my fate,
Might I appear your lover too."

"I dare not for the future wish any thing (said the Marchioness) and even my heart were inclinable to it, I am sensible I have not fortitude of mind enough to bear things that are supernatural."—"I believed, or at least I expected till now (answered the charming Fontenay) that some of your women, in concert with a concealed lover, might have been the secret cause of all that has happened; but the adventure of the butterflies has quite altered my opinion: for which of them could possibly have divined a thing which you spoke to me? And how could they have put these butterflies into this net, the key whereof you kept so carefully?"

"I am so much astonished (replied the Marchioness) that I cannot so much offer at giving any account for this

last event; and in order to see whether this invisible lover will not abandon us, I will go this very day to my country seat at Surène." The lovely Fontenay approved of this resolution; and both of them finding themselves too thoroughly awake, to be able to get to sleep again immediately, called their attendants; and to avoid the heat of the day, set out in the Marchioness's coach about six in the morning.

As the weather was admirable, they ordered the coachman to drive very softly, and sent a servant before them to order dinner to be got ready, and the beds to be aired. Being arrived at a river, which they must necessarily ferry over, they alighted; Mademoiselle de Fontenay, who was naturally fearful, not being able to resolve on ferrying over in the coach, wherefore the Marchioness did the same in complaisance to her. But scarcely had the master of the ferry-boat perceived the Marchioness, whom he knew very well, because he often carried her over in her way to her country seat, before he went up to her, and presenting her a letter, "Here, madam (said he) is a letter which I was ordered to deliver to you as soon as you should arrive here."—"And who (said the Marchioness, very much surprised) could give you any such order, for I never told any one that I intended to come hither?"—"It is above two hours, however (replied he) since a tall man on horseback brought it; and I should have given it to your valet de chambre, but that I was strictly enjoined to deliver it only into your own hands."

"How (cried Mademoiselle de Fontenay) was this letter here before the Marchioness' valet de chambre got thither?"—"About an hour," answered the ferry-man. "Let us see then (said Madamed' Autricourt, taking the letter) what can be the meaning of this likewise." Hereupon she opened it, and smiled; and Mademoiselle de Fontenay and she read as follows:

"To the lovely Marchioness d'Autricourt.

"IF it is only to avoid my love and services that you are going into the country, how much in vain is this journey? To what part of the universe will I not follow you? And what country is inaccessible to love?"

"Oh!

"Oh! for this bout (cried Mademoiselle de Fontenay, when they had done reading it) the devil must have a hand herein; it is impossible otherwise, that a journey, which was proposed but a few hours ago, should be already known publickly; and that this letter should have been brought, the moment after we had resolved thereon; for the time when the ferry-man says he received it, and that wherein you proposed going, is much the same." Hereupon they asked the ferry-man a hundred questions, about the time, the man that brought it, and his horse, but they were never the wiser; at last they got into the coach, and arrived at the Marchioness's seat.

As soon as they had alighted, the valet de chambre, who was in the courtyard, said to the Marchioness. "It was needless, madam, for me to have made so much haste, for the house-keeper had been informed of your coming above two hours."—"By whom?" cried the Marchioness. "By a very handsome young man (answered the house-keeper, who was present) and he ordered me to get your bed ready, because you would not sit up long after your arrival, not having slept a wink all night."—"And what is become of this man?" said the astonished Mademoiselle de Fontenay. "I do not know (replied the housekeeper) for he galloped away full speed, and I lost sight of him in a moment."

Hereupon the Marchioness and her friend went in; and having their heads full of these adventures, like true heroines of a romance, made but a light dinner, and went immediately to bed; where, as they were fatigued with having laid awake the night before, and with having taken this journey so early in the morning, they slept very soundly.

They had scarcely opened their eyes, when word was brought the Marchioness, that one of the Countess de Rosieres' servants was come from Paris with a letter for her. The Marchioness ordered him immediately to be called in, and asked him what urgent business had occasioned his coming in such a hurry? "I do not know, madam (said he) but having been at your house pretty soon in the morning, thinking to find you in bed, I was told that you had set out very early for Surène; and the Countess, to whom I carried this

answer, ordered me immediately to make all haste thither, and carry you this letter."

Upon this the Marchioness read it, and found that the Countess de Rosieres desired her company next day, about an affair of importance, which she did not think proper to commit to writing. Hereupon she shewed it to her dear Fontenay, and neither of them could imagine what this important affair should be. "No matter (said Madame d'Autricourt) let it be what it will, it is my duty to wait upon the Countess to-morrow, as she desires."

The Countess de Rosieres was sent to Madame d'Autricourt, and had brought her up; for she had lost her mother almost as soon as she was born, wherefore she had always retained a vast regard for this lady; accordingly she sent back the servant that very evening with an answer suitable to her aunt's desire.

"Well (said Mademoiselle de Fontenay, as soon as the servant was gone) your aerial lover has undoubtedly gained over your aunt to his interest for you see, you are hardly got hither before he finds the way to fetch you back again." The Marchioness laughed at her friend's imagination, and they talked some time of this last order for their return to Paris: after which having supped pretty early, and the heat of the day being over, and the weather very proper for walking, they went into the garden, and passed on to a little grove, cut into the form of a star, which was inclosed by a quickset hedge, so that it was very easy to get into it, without going through the Marchioness's garden.

The Marchioness, then, had walked there many minutes with her dear companion, when they heard several hautboys, which played some of the choicest parts of Lully's opera.

"Undoubtedly (said Mademoiselle de Fontenay) this is an entertainment which your invisible lover has prepared for you."—"I do not believe it (answered Madame d'Autricourt) there are other lovers at Surène, who perhaps have a mind to give their mistress a serenade this evening, and these boys undoubtedly are rehearsing it." "It does not seem at all like a rehearsal (replied Mademoiselle de Fontenay) these hautboys form an admirable

Nov. 80. and besides, they are directly in the grove."—"We must enquire then into the meaning of it," said Madame d'Autricourt, and went up towards the quick.

As soon as they were near it, the musicians, laying aside their hautboys, formed a concert of voice-flutes, which was so charming, that it had the power some time to suspend the curiosity of the Marchioness and her friend; therefore they sat them down upon mats of turf, to hearken to it with the greatest attention; and this agreeable concert having lasted for some time, a very soft voice sung the following words:

Still must I lie conceal'd! ah! why?
Cruel love! hard destiny!

Haste to a wretched lover's aid;
Since those bright eyes, which I adore,
Have seen my love, let me no more,
By my concealment, be betray'd."

Now, madam (said Mademoiselle Fontenay, laughing) you cannot but accept of the serenade."—"Indeed (answered the Marchioness) no, it is against my will." This she rose up, and went to examine the musicians, who had set them to work; but could get nothing else out of them, than that they were fetched by a young man, who had brought her thither in a coach, which was still waiting for them at a little distance; that the same man conducted them on horseback, paid them very handsomely, and placed them in this little grove, with orders to strike up as soon as they should see two ladies walking by, after which he rode away full gallop. "And if you had not come (said another of the musicians) we had your orders, to advance into the garden and play under your window."

But those words which one of you said, where had you them?" continued Madame d'Autricourt. "The same man gave them us in writing (answered the musician) and as they are set to an air, which is very much in vogue, I had only the trouble of learning them by heart." Hereupon the Marchioness, rightly judging that she must not be informed of what she desired by persons who were themselves ignorant thereof, retired with her dear friend, after having hearkened some time longer to this agreeable concert. When they came to the house, they went directly to bed, and were not disturbed

that night with any new accident; next day they dined in very good time, and immediately afterwards got into the coach, in order to return to Paris; where Mademoiselle de Fontenay was set down at one of her friends, and Madame d'Autricourt went directly to her aunt's, as she had promised her.

In the evening she called upon Mademoiselle de Fontenay where she had left her; and as they were going home together, "Well, madam (said the uneasy Fontenay, with that eagerness which is inseparable from true friendship) have you heard any thing at your aunt's which pleases you?"—"It would certainly be an agreeable proposal to another (said the Marchioness) but it is not what I like; in short, it is a proposal of marriage."—"Marriage! (cried Mademoiselle de Fontenay) that is a great deal worse than our invisible lover! and the name of this new adorer tell me quickly, I beseech you?"—"The Count de Ponteuil (replied the Marchioness) and nothing is more surprising, than that this young nobleman, whom I see pretty often, should make me a proposal of marriage, without having ever given me any marks of that particular esteem which he seems to have for me."—"The offer, however, seems to me very advantageous (answered Mademoiselle de Fontenay) the Count Ponteuil is young, handsome, well-made, his own master, and, it is said, has a very considerable estate; and your affairs, which your husband left in great disorder, ought, one would think, to make you listen to such a proposal very favourably."

"This is my aunt's advice (answered the Marchioness) but I own it disgusts me, that the Count de Ponteuil never thought me worthy of his addresses; for he is naturally gallant: I knew him in love two or three years ago, with a lady of my acquaintance, and he left nothing undone that a most tender and witty lover could think of to gain her. Wherefore, his way of behaviour to me at present satisfies me, that he thinks a man ought to observe no manner of ceremony with a woman whom he designs to make his wife."

"Here is a great deal of niceness, entirely out of season (said Mademoiselle de Fontenay, laughing) the Count de Ponteuil undoubtedly loves you, otherwise he would not desire to marry you; and

and he imagined that, in a design of such consequence, there was no necessity of observing trifling punctilios: but perhaps (continued she, jesting) the amorous Sylph rivals him in your heart, and your affections."—"Without dispute (answered the Marchioness, bantering likewise) I should be glad if my invisible lover had the air of the Count de Pontéuil, or if the Count de Pontéuil had the love and delicacy of the aerial spirit."—"He has both the one and the other (said the young Count de Pontéuil himself, coming out of a closet, and throwing himself at the Marchioness's feet) and a passion yet more ardent, and more faithful than you can imagine."

The Marchioness was very much surprised to see the Count, whom she little expected, especially in such a place, and to find by his words that he had overheard all their conversation. "But, my lord (said she) who allowed you to come hither without giving me any notice? And who let you into that closet from whence you came out?"—"The Sylph, your lover, madam (replied he, smiling) he rendered me invisible, and has given me up all his pretensions to your heart; and, that you may not question my coming from him, see here what he has given me to shew you as a token thereof." He then presented to the Marchioness that bracelet with the verses which she and Mademoiselle de Fontenay had first found in the china jar, and which had been changed for another, whilst they were asleep in Mademoiselle de Fontenay's chamber.

"At last my eyes are open (said the Marchioness agreeably to her young lover) I know the Sylph, and am not sorry that he has thus yielded up his pretensions to you: but as all the things that have passed seemed very much like supernatural adventures, I beg you, tell me sincerely, how you was able to bring them to pass, and who was your assistant in imposing on me?"

"The little inclination which I saw in you (answered the Count de Pontéuil) to receive the services of all those who have had hitherto the boldness to adore you, made me contrive a way to render you mine, after such a singular manner, that it should not be in your power to refuse them. I happened to hear you mentioning the Count de Gabalis, and it was I who caused that book to be lent to you by Mademoiselle de Tilly,

who laid it designedly upon the table against you next came thither; and you did not fail to open it, and to borrow it with some eagerness, as had been imagined.

"I was forced to corrupt one of your servants, I am obliged to own; but I flatter myself with the hopes being able to obtain his pardon; lies over your chamber; and causing a hole to be bored through the cieling which is not very thick, and fastened some false valences to your curtains the same colour, that they might be less taken notice of, it was easy to move the curtains, and to let down a little key which frightened you so much; and we took care to take away the false valences as soon as you was gone into Mademoiselle de Fontenay's apartment: as for the bracelet, it was put on the night where you found it, and we struck thrice upon the china jar by the means of a brass wire, which we let down through the cieling.

"Having heard what you said of Mademoiselle de Fontenay at the virtuoso's, where you had a fancy to go, I took advantage thereof, to continue to alarm you; and the Virtuoso being one of my friends, I easily obtained a hundred butterflies, which I locked without difficulty in your cabinet, cause I have a key to it. There were two made to it when you bought it, I had the precaution to make a third one, which the man who brought the cabinet to you did not scruple to give me on my desiring it of him, with the circumstances which seldom fail of persuading that sort of people.

"Fortunately for me, you took no notice of the loss of your double key, which you had not observed; and the butterflies, which had been shut up for hours in the drawer, seeing the door on a sudden, played their parts as if they had been taught so to do, and chance made them lodge in your night-gowns, which terrified you very much next morning.

"On your resolving on your journey to Surène, your valet de chambre was in the plot with me, coming to give me notice thereof before he went. I made one of my servants to go in speed with my letter to the master of the ferry, and to inform your household of your coming: your valet de chambre made the less haste, on purpose

sufficient time to get thither before. And as for the last night's concert, there was nothing extraordinary therein; my only intention was to disappoint you; and I shall never repent having found the means to testify my ardent passion for you, without having incurred your displeasure."

Hereupon the Marchioness answered her lover with abundance of politeness, and forgave, at his request, the servant who had gained over to his interest. Mademoiselle de Fontenay joined then in the conversation, which was very agreeable; and the Count de Ponteuil returned her thanks for her care in detaching him so well to the Marchioness, from his supposed want of delicacy.

Soon after, word was brought that supper was upon the table; and the Count de Ponteuil would have with-

drawn; but the lovely De Fontenay, imagining she perceived by the Marchioness' looks, that she should not be displeased if he staid, told him laughing, that she would desire him to stay supper, and that she thought it was high time he should begin to grow better acquainted in the house.

Hereupon the Count staid with a great deal of joy, and continued to make his addresses to the Marchioness; and some days after, their marriage articles being signed, at the Countess de Rosiere's, they went with a small company to celebrate their happy nuptials at the Marchioness' country seat, where the joy was much greater than the magnificence, and love performed the honours of the solemnity, as it made the felicity of this new-married couple.

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM one of the most unfortunate men upon earth; I take all the pains in the world to have a share in the attention of the public, and, egad I can't get any body to take notice of me.

But I will give you a sketch of my story, and leave you to judge for yourself.

At the death of an uncle, who kindly made me master of five thousand pounds by his last will and testament, I emancipated from the servile drudgery of a haberdasher's counter, and resolved to set up for myself as—a Gentleman. Not only resolved to engage in the fashion, but Nature having given me a spirit of fire, I determined to *make* a name in it; and, in short, to distinguish myself in the world somehow or other; that is to say, to enjoy the supreme pleasure of being known, and of being noticed by every body.

The first and most obvious method that occurred to me of attaining this noble end, was, to be always in the vogue of the mode. Accordingly I had the satisfaction of having the fourth, if not the third *white hat* that was worn in the metropolis, and my buckles were a full inch larger every way than David Dimple's. Would you believe, though with these qualifications I was loaded at every public place, and

most likely, was the subject of imitation, I had the mortification of never being avowedly taken notice of? Once, indeed, I had nearly succeeded, by running my crane-necked phaeton foul of a brewer's dray, and being thrown out of it into a neighbouring cellar; but unfortunately for me, *Sir Jacky Jehu* having engrossed the public attention, by driving his phaeton, drawn by twelve Westminster electors, against a sandman's jack-ass on Newmarket course—the only poor consolation I had for breaking my collar-bone, was seeing the affair in the *Daily Advertiser*, but without my name in the paragraph. This disappointment increased the fever which the accident had brought on me, and in a paroxysm of rage, I burnt my white hat, broke my buckles, and d—d the *Daily Advertiser*, swore off crane-necked phaetons forever and ever, and resigned myself to water-gruel and patience, with a thorough contempt for the opinion of the public!

As my bodily wound grew better, that of my mind broke out anew. I looked round me, and saw men rise into public notoriety, merely by the singularity of their appearance. I immediately bespoke a very small hat, bought my footboy's little silver buckles, which were almost worn out with clean-

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ing, had my head ornamented with a ramilie queue, ordered my servant, on pain of my displeasure, to remember that I never shaved oftener than twice a week; and as it was in the month of July, I had a full suit of velvet made up for me, with short skirts. I sweated through the summer with some degree of satisfaction, as I had several times heard myself laughed at in the Mall, with, "Who is he? Some queer mortal of rank and fortune, I suppose, or he would not dare to be so singular." This consoled me for the attack of a fever, in spite of which I still buttoned my coat. Winter coming on, I found it necessary to change my dress; my velvet was laid by—but, alas!—never shall I forget the fatal day—the first time I had sported a cotton coat, with dimity waistcoat and breeches, in the middle of December, I was seized with a violent fit of the rheumatism, which confined me to my room for six weeks. Convinced by experience, that my constitution would oblige me to submit to the fashion of the season, I gave up all thoughts of singularity in dress.

A whim for scribbling then seized me, and the penny post-office got many shillings by the loads of *Bon-mots*, *Epigrams*, and *Acrosticks*, which I sent to all the the magazines and news-papers. It is true, I was noticed by them all, but it was only in their acknowledgements to correspondents. I now revenged myself on the editors, for their insensibility to my deserts, by adopting the easy method of fathering all the anonymous pieces possessed of any degree of merit, that were published. Odes and love songs I openly avowed; nay, I have often been complimented upon an essay. I began to take consequence on myself, and even give shrewd hints as to "*Anticipation*," and the "*Cassete verte*," till unluckily I had a dispute as to the grammatical propriety of some poetry which had appeared in a morning paper. Darning the printer for his negligence, I took out my manuscript, which I had just copied from the same paper, to compare it; but on examination, the lines appeared to be extracted from Pope's *Eloise to Abelard*, when the laugh was so strong against me, that I dared not own even a rebus afterwards.

Thinking it might not be quite so

safe to attempt gaining the reality of an affair of gallantry, I determined to content myself with the appearance of it, and establish my reputation for intrigue by the same means as a thousand pretence fellows do every day. To ladies, whom I was not much acquainted, I bowed with a mysterious air from a side-box. Those whom I knew better I attacked with a whisper, and a familiar laugh. Whenever I heard a pretty woman's name mentioned, who had an old or an ill-natured husband, I would either gulph my glass in a hurry, with "Come, here's t'ye," as if I meant from delicacy, to turn the conversation, or, in an affected passion, offer to stake my life on her honour, though no man in the company had doubted it, and the next moment take out a letter, read the superscription, smile, and put it away. Yet all my pains were thrown away. In vain did I daily examine the morning papers; not a dash nor a blot could I find that would apply to me, and though I guessed, that at a moderate computation I must have written threescore reputations *this way*, it seemed they were not in the least the way for it. Out of all patience that nobody would take up the pen against me, I resolved to paragraph myself. Here again my first essay was unsuccessful. I planned as pointed a paragraph as ever meant to wound virtue, against "a certain widow bewitched, not a hundred miles from" where I lived. Now I thought I had triumphed; and I added my own italics in the next morning's paper with rapture. The late brother went to the printer, and unfortunately discovered the paragraph of my hand writing. He came to my lodgings with a cane. I will not trouble you with the particulars of what passed between us; but for once I was obliged to escape public notice, and I kept my room for a fortnight.

Once more reduced to wander in a sea of oblivion, in vain I sought a guide to the ever-desired haven of public attention, till reading in the papers an account of a duel, in which *my party* was wounded, I found courage rise. I read the paragraph again. — "A pistol fired without effect—Another discharged in air—Seconds interposed—A pistol interchanged—neither party wounded. It was glorious! I snapped my

a rapture like Parson Adams, and penning a challenge, before I thought of who I was to quarrel with. Before I had half finished it, an acquaintance dropt in, "You know Jack H—— of our county militia?" Very well; what of him?"—"Shot through the heart in a duel at Coxheath yesterday!" I hesitated, laid aside my pen, and put my challenge in my pocket. This shall not be my way of getting public notice, thought I."

Well (continues my friend, in the same breath) you have seen the new play, doubtless? It is charming! the author will be immortalized!"

And why may not I be thus immortalized (exclaimed I to myself) this is better than being shot through the heart at Coxheath." As soon as my friend had left me, I began a play. A dozen plays, I should rather say.

In the course of a week, I had produced the *dramatis personæ* of two comedies, the title of a farce, almost the title of a tragedy, which I intended to finish, as soon as I had fixed on a subject for the first four. A string of names for an opera, and Harlequin's speech (adapted to Gramachree) for a speaking pantomime.

After spending a month in considering which of these pieces I should finish, I resolved to join their various excellencies in one, under the title of a *comic fumble*. The whim pleased me. I had planned it out in five acts, the first of which was to be of a different kind, and laid in different countries.

The first act was *tragedy*, and lay in *Africa*; the second, *comedy*, seemed to me best with the manners of *France*; *opera* for the third, was of its native soil of *Italy*; *farce* for the fourth, I thought (considering the elections, and the present situation of affairs) might do very well for

our own country. As for my concluding act of *pantomime*, I laid the scene in the *world in the moon*! Ah! Mr. Editor! *there* was satire! Harlequin Prime Minister. — Camps—reviews—disputing societies—a touch at the critics—elections—processions—Newgate in flames, and the last scene concluding with a view of *Graham's celestial bed*! Well, sir, it was offered to the managers of both houses, and rejected. I then sent to the summer theatre, but the little king of the Haymarket assuming an arch look, told me I beat his *Genius of Nonsense* all hollow; that his piece was studied nonsense, but mine was really too good, too *natural*, for the stage. In short, sir, not a single manager would even give me a chance of having my piece damned. Now that would have been some consolation. I should, at least, have been abused by name in the news-papers, known behind the scenes, and pointed at as the author of the last new piece that was knocked up; then I might have railed at *party*, and the bad taste of the town, till I was hoarse, that would have been something, you know.

But I will trouble you no longer, Mr. Editor, with an enumeration of my disappointments; I hope they will be at an end, by your accepting the offer I now make you of writing for you occasionally; and therefore beg you will usher me into public notice, by allowing me to commence your correspondent. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

WILLIAM WOU'D BE.

P. S. I have half a mind to buy a *gig*—you know they are quite *the thing* now. Would you advise me to it? I think if one could strike upon something peculiar, for instance, a *black gig*, with *white* wheels, it might make one *noticed*!

LECTURES ON MODERN HISTORY.

LECTURE X.

(Continued from our Magazine for September, page 408.)

The transactions of nations sunk in barbarism, and abandoned to all those that disgrace humanity, demand a long and painful attention, and little information, and less instruction is to be derived from them.

But as it is the duty of a Lecturer on universal history, to leave no chasm in his comprehensive plan, all he can do is, to draw within a narrow compass the most barren and uninteresting scenes.

The Greek empire, therefore, will require only a slight review of a rapid succession of sovereigns, from the death of the Empress Irene, in 802 (*See our Magazine for January last, page 12*) to that of the Emperor Constantine XII. surnamed Ducas, in the year 1067, which comes as near as possible to the accession of William I. to the throne of England; an epocha to which we shall bring down the history of all nations, to make it correspond with our own, in the order of time.

NICEPHORUS, a patrician, by whose interest Irene was deposed, was elected her successor. Being of a violent temper, his passions made him tyrannical to his subjects, and unsuccessful against his enemies. He was defeated by the Saracens, and by the Bulgarians, who slew him, and many of his nobles, in 811. Saturacius his son succeeded him, but in the short space of two months, he was deposed by Michael Curopalates, who had married his sister, and Michael being unsuccessful against the enemies of the empire, was obliged to shelter himself from the fury of the people, in a monastery. Leo, an Armenian, was raised to the throne for his valour, Constantinople, the seat of government, being then besieged by the Saracens, who took Adrianople. Leo was more intent upon the destruction of the family of Michael than upon repelling the Saracens; and having seized the sons of the deposed emperor a day or two before Christmas 820, he gave orders that they should be burnt after the holidays; but their friends prevented this catastrophe, by assassinating Leo in the temple on Christmas-day. Michael II. surnamed the Stammerer, was proclaimed and crowned the same day. Having shut up the sons of Leo in a monastery, and ordered them to be castrated, according to the barbarous custom of those times, to prevent their having any issue; he soon embroiled the empire by his imbecility, and his religious phrenzy. At first, he favoured the adoration of images, then he destroyed them, and turned a cruel persecutor of those who worshipped them; and finally, he wanted to introduce the Jewish religion, and the celebration of its rites and ceremonies, publicly, in all the churches of Constantinople. He died in 829, and Theophilus his son succeeded him, the only meritorious

act of whose reign was, his putting to death the murderers of the Emperor Leo. Several cities of Asia revolted from the empire about the year 830, and in 841, the Saracens gained a complete victory over the emperor, which affected him so much that he died of grief the following year. His son Michael III. a minor, ascended the throne under the regency of the Empress Theodora his mother, who restored the worship of images, and persecuted the sect of Manicheans, several thousands of whom being put to death by her order, the remainder revolted to the Saracens and from subjects, became formidable enemies. As for the young emperor when he assumed the reigns of government, he turned out a most execrable tyrant. He put to death his aged tutor Theodictus, and shut up his mother and sisters in a convent, wherein he died, not without suspicion of violence. In 859, the Saracens invaded the empire with 30,000 men, and defeated the emperor at the head of 40,000. Basil the emperor's uncle was now proclaimed Cæsar by the people, on account of his great wisdom, having founded public schools, and patronized learning, which rendered him so popular, that the emperor resolved to destroy this powerful rival. Accordingly, he persuaded Bardus to accompany him on an expedition against the Saracens, to the Isle of Crete, where he caused him to be slain by Basilus his general, who associated the same day as Coadjutor, but repenting soon after, he formed a plot for taking off Basilus, who being informed of his design, slew him instantly, and was immediately proclaimed sole emperor by the army, September 24th, 867. Basilus was a Macedonian, the first act of his reign does him honour, he obliged the parasites of the late emperor to refund to the public treasury one half of the sums he had lavished upon them. He gave the title of Cæsar to his sons Constantine, Leo, and Alexander. By his valour he drove the Saracens, and restored the reputation of the Grecian empire. The Venetians courted his alliance, and gave him a present of a set of church vessels the first that were seen in that part of Europe. His eldest son dying, he associated his second son Leo in the empire, and made himself more respected in the eyes of the other states

than any prince who had governed the Eastern empire for near a century. The last act of his life, however, demonstrates the savage brutality which lurked at his heart. As he was taking the diversion of hunting, a stag mounted him, having entangled his legs in the emperor's belt, in this position the furious beast dragged him a considerable way, when one of the guards, at the hazard of his own life, saved the emperor by cutting the stag with his sword. And what was his reward? he was put to death for having drawn his weapon upon the emperor, or rather the tyrant, who being much hurt by the stag, did not survive the cruel fate of his destroyer.

Leo VI. surnamed the Philosopher, after his father's death became sole emperor in 867, and soon changed the course of public affairs; to use the elegant language of the Abbé Millot, "he composed sermons while the enemy was ravaging his dominions, and during conquests." An assassin attacked his life, by knocking him down as he was going to church on Sunday, in 891, but he recovered, and lived to the year 910.

Constantine IX. surnamed *Porphyrogenitus*, was but seven years of age when his father died, who appointed his son Alexander his guardian and regent of the empire. Alexander died in 905, and the guardianship of the young emperor devolved to the Patriarch of Constantinople; but the Empress Zoe, his mother, was appointed regent, under her administration the Saracens were expelled by the Imperial troops, and Constantinople was defended by the arms of its inhabitants against the Bulgarians, who laid siege to it. At the age of years, the emperor took the government into his own hands, and married Helena the daughter of Romanus, commander in chief of his army, and associated him in the empire, obliging him to be proclaimed by the people as Romanus I. Zoe was now banished from court, and soon after confined in a convent, by the intrigues of Romanus; who availed himself of his authority, to the great mortification of Constantine, causing his own wife to be named empress, and his eldest son to be named coadjutor with him. He ordered the title of Cæsar to be

conferred on his other sons Stephen and Constantine. A confusion of events takes place from these domestic incidents, which render the transactions of this reign very obscure. We are told that Romanus I. was deposed by his son Stephen, after a reign of twenty-six years, and shut up in a monastery, where he died in 948. That Constantine seized all his sons, banished them to Samo-thracia, and reigned sole emperor, greatly encouraging learned men, and cultivating the liberal sciences. His eldest son was named Romanus (probably in compliment to the general when he stood so high in favour) this prince impatient to reign, attempted to poison his father, but part of the deadly draught being spilt upon the floor, it did not produce any immediate effect, but it threw him into a decline, of which he died, in the year 959, after a reign of 47 years.

Romanus II. his son, from a parricide became a tyrant to his subjects, and rendered himself so odious, that his two sons were punished for their father's crimes, being set aside upon his death, which happened in 963.

NICEPHORUS PHOCAS was raised to the Imperial throne by the army, having bravely defended the empire from the Saracens. He married the widow of the late emperor, to strengthen his interest, and the three first years of his reign were distinguished by signal victories over the Saracens. But he tarnished his military glory by extreme avarice and cruelty at home. He shamefully violated the law of nations, by putting to death the ambassador of Otho I. Emperor of Germany, who came to Constantinople by his own appointment to demand the Princess Theophania his daughter in marriage for Prince Otho the German emperor's son. Otho I. having defeated the troops of Nicephorus, made a cruel retaliation for the murder of his ambassador; he caused the noses of his prisoners to be cut off, and sent them home unransomed in this condition. A general insurrection followed this horrid spectacle at Constantinople; the inhabitants prevailed on the empress to put herself at the head of the insurgents, and the emperor was stabbed in his bed by John Zimisces, an officer of the guards, in 970. The successful assassin seized the throne, and unmindful of the empress, who

who expected to have had the supreme authority, and to have made him subservient to her ambition, he condemned her to the solitude of a convent. In order to atone for the base conduct of Nicephorus to Otho I. he sent the Princess Theophania, the daughter of Nicephorus, with a splendid retinue to Germany, and soon after her arrival at the German court, she was publicly married to Prince Otho; this politic and equitable proceeding procured him the friendship of the Emperor of Germany. Zimisce afterwards shewed himself worthy of a throne by his valour in the field, and his attempts to reform many internal abuses; but unfortunately his court was too corrupt to submit quietly to any retrenchment of its luxuries. The office of Great Chamberlain was held by an eunuch, who had been guilty of dreadful extortions, and this man being informed that the emperor was determined to seize upon the ill-gotten treasures of the eunuchs, and to distribute them amongst his victorious troops, who had defeated the Russians, poisoned him in the year 976.

Basilus II. and Constantine X. sons of Romanus II. were proclaimed joint emperors, and a state of anarchy ensued; for the army in the eastern part of the empire proclaimed their general Bardas Silenes, and another body of the Imperial forces, set up Bardas Phocas, who drove his competitor out of Asia, and he was no more heard of; but Phocas laid siege to Constantinople, and claimed the throne in right of his election by the army. The Emperor Basilus defended the city, and was released from his apprehensions of a formidable rival by the sudden death of Phocas. As for Constantine, his coadjutor, he led an effeminate life, while Basilus, at the head of an army of veterans, defeated the Bulgarians, and took 15,000 prisoners: with savage cruelty he caused the eyes of all, except every hundredth man, to be put out, and he left them but one eye, to enable them to conduct their wretched countrymen home: this horrid event happened in the year 1014. The following year, he secured all parts of the empire from the invasions of the Saracens; and in 1017, he conquered Bulgaria. In 1022, he reduced Iberia; and in 1025, he died with the reputation of a great warrior, after a reign of fifty

years. Constantine reigned after him three years alone, and being freed from restraint, added cruelty to his accustomed vices of indolence and debauchery. Zoe his daughter had married Romanus Argirus, who upon the death of her father was proclaimed emperor by the title of Romanus III. During his short reign, the Normans took Apulia from him. In the mean time, the empress conceived a violent passion for Michael Paphlagonia, and in order to raise her lover to the throne, she poisoned her husband, which not taking effect directly, she stifled him in his bed, and by a bribe of 56,000 surmounted the objections of the patriarch of Constantinople, who publicly solemnized the marriage between her and Michael, in the year 1028. The new emperor took the title of Michael IV. he reigned seven years without satisfaction to himself, or advantage to his subjects, remorse for the share he had in Zoe's guilt, brought on diseases which made him weary of empire, and before his death, he took the monastic habit. The ambitious Zoe then gave her hand to another Michael, the son of a ship-caulker of Calyphates, and nephew by his mother's side to the last emperor; she imagined the man, raised from so mean a situation to the throne, would be only the minister of her will; but she was mistaken. Michael V. jealous of his authority, and thinking himself secure of the people, after he had defeated the Bohemians, banished her to a distant island. However, such was the attachment of these barbarians to this infamous woman, that they found means to rescue her and her sister Theodora, and making the latter coadjutor with her, they deposed and put out the eyes of the unfortunate Michael V. and sent him to a monastery in 1041. The two sisters reigned jointly for one year, when, incredible as it must appear, disposed of herself and the throne a fourth time to Constantine Monomachus, who she caused to be crowned emperor by the title of Constantine XI. It is said that being now far advanced in years she allowed him to keep a young concubine; be this as it may, it is certain that his neglect of her for his mistress so provoked her, that she and her faction set upon Constantine as he was walking in a religious procession,

such complaints of him, that the situated populace would have torn to pieces, if the nominal Empress Theodora had not interposed. By obliging the frontier provinces of the empire to defray the expences of their defence, he made them indifferent who their master, and an easy prey to the Saracens. The turbulent Empress Theodora, and Constantine XI. both died in 1054, and Theodora resumed the reins of government, having banished Nicephorus, whom Constantine had nominated his successor. Theodora died in 1056, and Michael VI. was raised to the purple by the faction of the eunuchs of the palace. Incapable of bearing the weight of the crown, this shadow of an emperor, after a reign of seven months, resigned his authority into the hands of the senate and the people.

ISAAC COMNENUS descended from an illustrious family, and beloved by the people for his military talents, and social virtues, was freely elected, and seemed to revive the hopes of a declining empire. But we shall find in the sequel, that no talents, no abilities, however, can retrieve the affairs of nations where the principles of a sound constitution have been long undermined by rapine, lust, and murder. There were short intervals during the reigns of virtuous princes, but the factions of vicious courtiers on one hand, and the avarice of an uncivilized commonalty on the other, will revive those scenes of blood, adultery, and furious bickering, which stain the records of history, and so it happened in the Eastern empire. Isaac Comnenus saw the necessity of reforming the state, but began with the ecclesiastics, whose wealth he incurred by applying part of the princely revenues to the exigencies of government. The monks exclaimed, impiety and sacrilege! and availed themselves of an illness, which seized the emperor, owing to a fall from his horse, to persuade him to abdicate the throne; and though the senate and the people implored him to return to it, he resumed the monastic habit in 1059.

Constantine XII. surnamed *Ducas*, succeeded by the nomination of Isaac Comnenus. This emperor had an excellent private character; he was humane, equitable, and a patron of learning; but he was too fond of peace, to be the governor of a tottering empire, verging to its dissolution, and surrounded by powerful enemies. About the time that William of Normandy invaded England, the Scythians ravaged Greece, and Jerusalem was taken by the Turks. In short, Constantine abandoned the best provinces of the empire with great composure, to his enemies: he died in the month of June, 1067.

THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC, founded on the basis of civil liberty, rose during the period we have been reviewing, to a degree of splendour and opulence by her freedom and commerce, which surpassed that of any other power in Europe, considering the narrow limits of its territories. The fleets of this growing state appeared in the seas of Italy and Greece, and they penetrated into Syria and Egypt. Land forces proportioned to their marine, protected it from the ambitious views of its neighbours, and the Hungarians who attacked it experienced its strength by their defeat. In fine, Damascus being harassed by the ravages of the barbarians, and envying the happy government under which the Venetians lived, implored the protection of the Venetian republic, and voluntarily agreed to submit for ever to be one of its provinces; which accession enabled Venice to make a conspicuous figure, and to hold a respectable rank in the history of Europe.

THE GENOESE emulating the Venetians, trod in their steps, and formed an independant republic of less consequence, but at later periods deserving more notice from its revolutions, and the difficulties it has surmounted to maintain its independent state.

In our next Lecture, it will be proper to proceed in the history of the Northern nations.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

FROM the first appearance of the excellent essays of the Hypochondriack, which I find by a reference, was in the month of November 1777, to the present moment, I have been a constant admirer of that valuable and entertaining periodical paper; and am firmly persuaded it has greatly increased the number of your readers. I have indeed often been tempted to address some loose thoughts upon various subjects, to this anonymous Hypo; but upon recollection, he set out with prohibiting all assistance. But this prohibition cannot be construed to extend to a correspondence with you, Sir, on the same subjects that have employed his masterly pen. Objects are seen in different lights by different writers. He has treated the subject of Drinking in a lively, jocular manner, though an Hypochondriack, in three papers, No. XXX, XXXI, and XXXII. But, it is only towards the close of the last, that he has touched upon Drunkenness as a vice. I am certain, by the liberality of his sentiments, that he does not wish to monopolize any subject, and therefore being in possession of an original letter, exposing some of the bad consequences that arise from intoxication, I hope you will give it a place, with a few introductory thoughts, thrown together without order, but seriously intended for the benefit of mankind.

I am, &c.

London Coffeehouse,
Nov. 11th, 1780.

SOBRIETAS.

THE vice of *Drunkenness* seems to be pretty ancient, and has been carefully transmitted from the times of Bacchus down to the present; neither has it been hurt or lessened in the conveyance, but rather seems to have gathered fresh attractions in its passage, both to amuse and destroy its practisers. It is something parallel to Madness, and indeed may be called one species of it, because the circumstance of being stripped of reason, compels men to expose a number of ideas, which although they might once have been in their thoughts while in their proper senses, yet is what they would wish to suppress,

and think dangerous to expose in the hours of sobriety.

There requires but little ingenuity to be master of such a vice as this. Thieving, Deceit, and Fraud, has its conveniences, because it requires great caution, skill, and vigilance, in conducting, to avoid the gallows, and the liar meets with universal contempt. But what reproaches can we address to the drunkard, whose senses are buried in the ruins of intemperance, and is entirely beyond our reach? It is a habit which levels at once both our reputation and constitution; it spoils all dispositions to industry and diligence, keeps the person who possesses it in poverty and indigence their whole life, and is the foundation of ill health, every brutish passion.

"*Bacchus* (the proverb tells us) drowned more men than *Neptune*." I will not decide upon this; but I do think there is any vice that is so roughly rooted, or more impudently pursued in the lower ranks of men as *Drunkenness*. If you ask them for reasons or views in it, they tell you they bury their troubles, and destroy the remembrance of worldly disappointments; and since they cannot obtain contentment in the way Providence has laid down, they are resolved to set up a plan of their own.

But how a man can rest secure in such a stupid and idle excuse for a vice which leads him to destruction, is beyond all my conjectures; there appears to me in this, such a shameful deficiency of reason and reflection, that I am unable to express my contempt of it; for rather than trust to Providence for succour and relief, they choose to scorn and reject it, and endeavour to divert their calamities by intoxication, which serves no other purpose than to increase and cherish their passions. Indeed we frequently find men of shining talents and understanding, who recourse to the same methods for relief. Their irresolution and want of fortitude against the attacks of disappointment, will not carry them through their troubles, but they recur to the worst and most beastly methods

it, which at best are ineffectual, the returns of despair (to say nothing of the discredit of it) is sure to be in a double proportion.

Therefore, when it is considered that *Drunkennes* not only subjects us to the estimation and contempt of men of sense and sobriety, but also to the danger of being frequently robbed, and sometimes the loss of our lives, I think it is a sufficient inducement to avoid so invidious a practice.

We are indebted, every day we live, to Providence for our lives, but more particularly in the instance of *Drunkennes*; when we utterly lose the ability to preserve either our property or lives; and by frequently abandoning ourselves to this vice, we trespass too much on the mercy and forbearance of our kind Creator and Protector.

Considering the abundance of amusements so much complained of, it is hard to account for the stupidity of some men sinking into this vice, who will leave a number of solid pleasures, of which they can every day taste in their full senses, merely to act the beast among every company, to contract the inconveniences of a decayed constitution, and finally spoil themselves for the duties of life. All the drunkard's former virtues and qualifications are washed away in torrents of liquor, and he is an object no otherwise distinguished from a beast, than by his form erect, the nonsense he utters, and the violence and extravagance of his passions. There is a certain medium of amusements for the mind, which it is allowed to pursue without transgression. There is but little merit in a perpetual state of dissipation, but it is as certain there is much in a life of drinking and dissipation. The following letter was written to me by a gentleman who was quite a stranger to this habit, and who happily never considered it as a dangerous companion, with whom he would never associate himself a second time.

Dear Sir,
 "I Think it is perfectly idle to argue or exclaim against the prevalence of *Drunkennes*, because be-
 lieve me the pleasure a man thinks he finds in the gratification of a corrupted habit, and the gratification of a corrupted habit, and the followers of it choose to make the pleasures of life a plea for softening themselves by liquor, by which they have converted it into a vice that is useful and

necessary. However, I will not here enumerate the wretched effects it produces, or the wretched degradation of our species in some fits of drunkenness, but say something about myself in the same situation. I am above fifty, of a very singular and temperate disposition, mingled with a good deal of gravity, which, however, is no prevention to fits of jollity, mirth, and good humour, when I have a mind to relax from reflection and study; for I can enjoy all these without the help of wine, and probably in a much more perfect degree, because the senses are left unpolluted and better at liberty to relish them; however, I have the singularity to have been bred up in great temperance and a thorough detestation of drinking in particular and had therefore continued in a state of indifference as to that article, till last night, when I was not only invigled to get out of my depth as to my quantity of liquor, but an arch-wag in our company hearing me boast of my abstinence must needs play me a trick, and infuse a double portion of spirits in our punch, which did my business, and overturned my senses: from that time, I had no further remembrance of enjoyment of my friends, nor had any conversation with them; all my faculties which before were agreeably employed and amused in listening or conversing, were now vanished and destroyed, and my senses totally lopped off.

"The brutalities and extravagancies I committed in this trim, I am unable to describe, and should be probably shocked to know; I can only say that the reflection and apprehension (now I am in my senses) of having behaved before men of sense like a *beast* and a *fool*, is really intolerable. I remember very little of what passed, although there are several circumstances which seem uppermost in my thoughts, which I am since told were true enough. I went up to a clergyman who was talking very eloquently on the beauties of morality and religion, and although I had never seen him before, yet, because his conversation was disgusting, I took him a box on the ear, plucked off his wig and flung it in the fire, with a few other enormities of the like nature. The gentleman was meek enough to consider me as a madman, and therefore excused me. I then rambled to

another box, in which was a gentleman dressed in the highest taste and elegance; he was also engaged in a topick of conversation which I chose to contradict, and this I did in such haste and fury, that, being suddenly seized with a fit of the hickups from my liquor, I discharged the contents of my stomach into his bosom, besides spoiling his brocaded waistcoat. This gentleman, not having so much patience, as the clergyman, gave me a sound beating, that I am stiff with his blows to this hour, I am also told for my further comfort, that never was any behaviour

more completely reversed than mine for those gentlemen in my own company who most deserved civility and esteem, and to whom I was most complaisant before, were the greatest objects of my fury and violence then. In short, my behaviour in that condition was such a compound of impertinence, stupidity, folly, and noise, that to avoid the disgrace, and contempt such a beastly and stupid vice excites, it is my firm resolution never to get *Drunk* again."

"N. B. I omitted to mention that I was stripped, robbed, and rolled in the kennel, before I got home."

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

SELF-LOVE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO LADIES.

AMELIA.

HOW happens it, my dear Silvia, that you choose to walk in the park this morning? I never found you took any pleasure in coming here, but when it was full of the great world of both sexes; the one to admire, and the other to envy your perfections.

SILVIA.

There is a time for all things, Amelia; there is one in which we love company, and another in which solitude is most agreeable. It is in this last I find myself this morning, and that made me desire you to be a partaker with me in it.

AMELIA.

This extraordinary turn of temper, bespeaks some new emotion. I imagine there is something in your heart, which you are not well able to comprehend the meaning of yourself, yet are afraid should be discovered by the world.

SILVIA.

I come not hither to disguise any thing to you; I confess myself disturbed with the most uneasy of all passions. Would you believe it, dear Amelia, I am jealous!

AMELIA.

Though jealousy be never so much complained of, by those who feel it, and condemned by those who do not; I cannot avoid being pleased to hear you are under it's power; because when you own jealousy, you cannot deny but you are sensible of love; and I have wished for nothing more than to

see you touched with it for a while object.

SILVIA.

Alas! my dear Amelia, your wishes are not yet satisfied. It is true I am jealous, but I am perfectly free from any impression of love; nor do I believe I am of a disposition ever to feel it.

AMELIA.

How is it possible you can have jealousy without love?

SILVIA.

Nothing, in my opinion, more to be accounted for. I am jealous of those extraordinary assiduities Bellamy pays to Maria: I cannot endure should quit my conversation to follow her; yet spite of the uneasiness his behaviour causes in me, I neither hate him, nor ever shall.

AMELIA.

I cannot recover myself from astonishment you put me in. Till I always thought, that to be disquieted at a worthy man's attachment to another, was only the consequence of having too great a tenderness for himself.

SILVIA.

This is a common error, but a dangerous one; and I can easily make it appear. Self-love, my dear friend, is sufficient to excite jealousy, without the regard for the person whose passion another gives us pain.

AMELIA.

But, Silvia, if it were only self-love, you would be jealous of Maria.

of Bellmour; for the actions of a person we love not, are altogether inconsistent to us.

SILVIA.

Am I jealous of Maria! No! I am capable of such a weakness. She is handsome, she has wit, I know, and I am ready to do her justice; but this self-love, which forces me to be uneasy, that Bellmour prefers her to me, makes me also believe that I am not less handsome, nor less witty than she. I do not, therefore, look on her as a rival in love, but in merit; and I am only provoked by the partiality of Bellmour, in testifying admiration for her, and only regret for me; when I am very much deceived indeed, if I do not deserve at least to be put on an equality with her.

AMELIA.

Yet, dear Silvia, this is nothing but loving ourselves too much, and others too little. An emotion, which I have always considered as a vice, and strove to correct even in its most distant approaches; but I never could have thought it would have gained a place among the passions, and been capable of giving us jealousy and inquietude for persons indifferent to us.

SILVIA.

Oh charming Amelia! how little do you allow for a sentiment, which I conceive is without bounds. I confess that self-love is a tenaciousness for our own merits, and that it makes us strive to be beloved above all others; were we wholly without it, we should be languid, stupid creatures. That which regulates all our actions; by that we love, we hate, we refuse, we take revenge, or, according to the dictates of that great ruler of the mind; for be assured that whatever we think, or say, self-love is the directing motive.

AMELIA.

That, because I am attached to you by the most tender ties of friendship, is not because I love myself?

SILVIA.

Not certainly, for if you found not yourself agreeable to yourself, in my estimation, you would shun it. 'Tis the same thing with me in regard to you: was your behaviour rude, unkind, or your humour unsincere, I should not be your friend: No, no, in all our suits we aim only to gratify self-love.

Men have even a greater share of it than women; for when they pretend the most disinterested passion, can they prove, that it is for an object that is not pleasing to themselves: nay, so far are they sometimes transported by self-love, that they fly from one beauty to another, endeavouring to be approved by all the sex in general, and to appear amiable at all times, in all places, and in all companies.

AMELIA.

But, by this doctrine, you destroy every noble passion of the soul; sympathy, and that secret impulse by which we see two hearts united, is no more than a chimera, gratitude is entirely useless, obligations but imaginary, and all that we call virtue, only a principle of interest, which merits not that name.

SILVIA.

No, Amelia, I do nothing of this you accuse me of; on the contrary I maintain, that self-love gives birth to the most glorious passions, cements friendship, and makes us do the greatest actions. Two persons, who by a conformity of sentiment and manners, find an inclination for each other, animated by self-love, mutually endeavour to render themselves more amiable: this it is that brightens all the good qualities we have received from nature, or from art; this makes us burn with a desire of excelling; to this all the great captains owed their conquests, and the orators and poets their fame: is it not self-love which gives us a desire of emulating and surpassing? And can it be gratified but by worthy means, by the attainment of glory, by wisdom, courage, constancy, fortitude, gratitude, probity, by rendering every one what belongs to him, and to the divine source of all virtues, humble thanks for his mercy in instructing us how to love ourselves rightly?

AMELIA.

I know very well, that in such actions, as regard our fame, or religion, self-love must be allowed a part. But suppose I could do my friend a signal service, and that none but ourselves were to be made acquainted with it; do I act in this manner merely through self-love?

SILVIA.

Doubtless. For though it be a secret to the whole world, it is not so to yourself; and you feel an inward pleasure,

mixed with a pride, for having had it in your power to do so good an action. And what else can you term these emotions but self-love?

AMELIA.

According to you then, the person whom I serve owes me no obligation, since what I did was an obligation to myself.

SILVIA.

The pleasure we have in bestowing, hinders not that of the receiver: has not this friend the same self-love as we have? And ought he not to be grateful for the satisfaction that passion feels, through our means? Self-love is the very opposite of ingratitude, and compels us to acknowledge every thing that gives us pleasure.

AMELIA.

Since you are resolved to take the part of self-love, and maintain your argument with such an infinity of wit; permit me to ask you a few more questions, and vouchsafe to answer them with your former complaisance. I can pardon you, young, beautiful, and full of vivacity as you are, to have a little self-love; but how will it agree with a person who is deformed and old?

SILVIA.

Those have the most occasion for it. Self-love repairs the wrongs we sustain from time, or nature; by making us doubly assiduous in attaining those qualities which we cannot be deprived of but by death: without the aids of youth and beauty, we can be wise, knowing, generous, liberal, and affable, and feed this passion, in us, by attracting the esteem of the whole world.

AMELIA.

But yet we see numbers of people who do nothing of this, yet I do not suppose they are exempt from self-love.

SILVIA.

It must be confessed there are some persons who wear no more than the form of humanity; and such you mean. Reason is the parent of self-love, and where you find not the one, you vainly search for the other.

AMELIA.

I must believe then that self-love is the source of all virtue.

SILVIA.

You ought to do so, my dear Amelia; for I am certain you can find no argument against it.

AMELIA.

Yes, I have heard that reason is entirely blinded by this passion, and that alone we are kept from the true knowledge of ourselves and frailties.

SILVIA.

Those defects which spring from the weakness of human nature, self-love forgives, because they are unavoidable; but is never blind to penitencies which may in time become vices.

AMELIA.

But how will this self-love submit to the reproofs a person of the best conduct may at some times deserve? There are none who pass their whole lives without some unguarded moments; and I have observed that persons too fond of themselves, can ill endure that what they know is a fault, should be taken notice of by another.

SILVIA.

That disposition which is not ready to stand corrected for a real error, is rather pride than self-love. I confess, however, that there is something difficult in this distinction; but according to the character of a person who reproves us, and the time, and place when it is given, self-love yields, or rebels. If a person in whom I put no confidence, nor the least authority over my actions, tends to reprehend me, it shocks the principle of self-love; or if it be before company, or at a time when the warmth of any desire or expectation hurries my spirits, it will have little effect. But if the correction is given by a friend, and I know proceeds from a desire of perfecting me; it obliges me to own it an obligation, and only fills me with shame. I was not the first that perceived my own defect. But I will give you an example, which happened very lately to me. You know Belinda; she has beauty, and good-nature, but is often too easily provoked to anger, and the least trifle is sufficient to put her in a fury, which she was accustomed to put a stop to, whatever company was in: and so vehement was this passion, that all her features were distorted, and she scarce to be known for the same woman.

As I was pleased with her correction, I was extremely troubled

ing way to emotions so pernicious ;
at as I was not free enough with her
remind her of this error, I chose ra-
er to suffer her to continue in it, than
reproving run the hazard of losing
esteem. But our acquaintance
owing more intimate, it happened one
y when we were alone together, the
course turned on a matter which
ight bear dispute, and my opinion
it being quite opposite to her's, and
reasons ineffectual to change it, she
l into so violent a rage, that I think
ever beheld any thing beyond it. I
esently bethought me of a stratagem
awake self-love in her; and while
was in a flame, fetched a looking-
ss, and held it before her, without
aking a word. She presently cast
eyes on it, and with an extreme
prise, beheld the condition she had
herself into.

To see that delicate complexion en-
ned, full of red spots, and swelled
as: those fine eyes deprived of all
r sweetness, and the whole turn of
face the very reverse of what she had

ever before beheld it, rendered her calm
in a moment; and perceiving that her
beauty returned as she grew tranquil,
she was sensible of what had caused the
alteration; and taking the looking-glass
out of my hand, she set it down, and
embraced me with a smile, saying to
me at the same time, I have reaped the
benefit of your lesson; forgive, and I
beg you continue to me your friendship.

Since that day she has so well cor-
rected her passions, that I believe there
cannot be a more mild and reasonable
woman found.

You see, therefore, my dear Amelia,
how necessary that desire of pleasing,
which is called self-love, is, not only to
make us know our faults, but also to
endeavour at amendment of them.

AMELIA.

You have seduced me by the fineness
of your wit; and I confess myself half
persuaded in favour of this self-love:
but I tremble for the consequence of
your's, if Belmour should always prefer
Maria to you?

G.

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

CONCLUSION of the Proceedings of the SIXTH and last Session of the FOUR-
TEENTH Parliament of Great Britain.

(Continued from our last Magazine, page 422.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, June 20.

A Committee of the whole House upon
the sundry petitions of many of his ma-
jesty's Protestant subjects, praying a repeal of
the 18th of his majesty's reign,
granting certain privileges to his Roman Ca-
tholic subjects, Lord Beauchamp gave it as
his opinion, that the assertions contained in
the petitions were founded upon a miscon-
ception of the said act; on this ground, he
thought it unnecessary to repeal the act, but
in order to quiet the minds of the Protestants,
he moved the following resolutions:

That the act of the 18th of his present
majesty does not alter the statutes of the 10th
and 11th of William and Mary against Po-

That it does not tolerate the exercise of
the Roman Catholic religion.

That no ecclesiastical or spiritual jurisdic-
tion is thereby given to the Pope, or the
Bishop of Rome.

That no licence is thereby granted to
any Catholics to keep schools, or teach

That all endeavours to disquiet the

minds of the people, by suggesting that the
said act is incompatible with the safety of
the Church of England, and irreconcilable
to the principles of the Protestant religion,
have a manifest tendency to disturb the pub-
lic peace, to bring dishonour upon the na-
tional character, and discredit on the Pro-
testants in foreign countries.

A very uninteresting debate took place,
without entering into the true merits of the
question, and no attention was given to a
motion for hearing evidence at the bar, in
support of the allegations in the Protestant
petitions. Lord North and his friends were
not more anxious to get rid of this business
than Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke, so that it
ended with passing and reporting to the
House, the above inconclusive resolutions of
Lord Beauchamp.

Wednesday, June 21.

The bill for establishing a commission for
inspecting, stating, and settling the national
accounts being reported, objections were
again stated to Sir Guy Carleton as one of the
Commissioners; but upon a division, there
were 50 Ayes against 17 Noes, and the next
day

day the bill was read the third time, and passed, but not without another division, in which there were 34 Ayes to 15 Noes.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Wednesday, June 21.

THE Lord Chancellor read his majesty's answer to their address, which was as follows: "My lords, I thank you heartily for this address, so full of duty to me, and of zeal for your country. Your abhorrence of the late rebellious insurrections, and your unanimous approbation of the measures taken to suppress them, must have the most salutary effects. Nothing can give me greater satisfaction than the confidence you repose in me. It shall be justified by the whole tenor of my reign."

The Duke of Grafton now very justly observed, that the consideration of the act which had occasioned so much disturbance, should have commenced in that House, as it was a matter which concerned the religion of the state, and they could have the advice and assistance of the bishops, whom he called upon, to know if they had been convened by the ministry, to give their opinions, either before or since the riots: without some good reason assigned; he declared his intention, not to wait for any measures taking by the other House, but to move an early day for debating the repeal of the offensive act.

The Bishop of Peterborough reminded the House, that when the act was before them, he had stated his opinion of the misunderstandings and inconveniencies that would follow from not inserting a clause to prevent the Roman Catholics making proselytes, and seducing the children of Protestants to be educated in their faith. To his knowledge, they had offered money to indigent parents, to allow them to educate their children. Another objection he had to the act, was, the allowing Roman Catholics to purchase lands, and to bequeath them to any of their children they think proper, which might produce injustice and cruelty: for if the eldest son of a Roman Catholic became a Protestant in the lifetime of his father, he would disinherit him, to leave his estate to the next son, being a Roman Catholic.

The Bishops of Landaff and Rochester spoke against the repeal of the act, and wished as the petitions of the Protestants were presented to the other House, their lordships would wait for the bill, which he understood was carrying on there to amend the act, by prohibiting the Roman Catholics teaching Protestant children. **The Duke of Grafton** assented, and the conversation closed. **The House** had been summoned at the request of **The Duke of Richmond**, who now moved the following resolution: "That it is the opinion of this House, that the letter of the 13th of June, from Lord Amherst to Colonel Twisleton, then commanding an armed force in the

city, in which he orders him to disarm the citizens, who had armed themselves for the defence of their lives and properties, and to detain their arms, contains a command or order which invades the property of the said citizens, and violates one of their most sacred rights, that of bearing arms for their defence, declared to be so, by the statute of the 1st of William and Mary."

This strange motion did not deserve a moment's debate, as Lord Amherst had before given a satisfactory explanation, and demonstrated, that it was not meant to disarm citizens of character, but only the riotous mob, and that at the request of the city magistrates. However, **The Lord Chancellor**, **Lord Mansfield**, **Lord Stormont**, and **Lord Townshend**, justified the conduct of Lord Amherst, and the motion was rejected.

Friday, June 23.

The Duke of Richmond moved, that the House should be summoned for Monday, and also that several witnesses named in the motion should be ordered to attend on that day who could prove to the House, that the Russian officer, who had been taken in custody, and was afterwards discharged by order from one of the Secretaries of State, was actually concerned in the riots, and apprehended in the fact of pulling down part of the Sardinian ambassador's chapel. After short debate, in which it appeared by the testimony of Lord Loughborough, that the Russian officer was not charged with any offence, and that he got into the chapel by accident as one of the spectators of the riot, and further corroboration of this circumstance, **Lord Stormont**, the motion was rejected, though the duke declared, that Mr. Gifford, a justice of the peace, was then at the bar to read to prove, that the Russian officer had been charged before him with being actually concerned in the riot.

The same day in the House of Commons, **Mr. Cooke's** bill for preventing honorary freemen, and freemen made for occasion, voting for members at the next general election, was thrown out.

Mr. Pulteney moved an address to his majesty, "That he would be pleased to order the proper officers to lay before the House all the evidence given before the Privy Council relative to the conduct of all persons concerned either in creating or suppressing the late riots." This motion was circulated to bring the Lord-Mayor's conduct before the House. But **Sir George** and others objected to it, as it might predetermine criminal charges which should speedily to be tried in the proper judicature. An immediate adjournment was moved and carried, in order to get rid of the motion.

Tuesday, June 27.

Mr. David Hartley made his last

1780. moved motion, for leave to bring in a bill to empower his majesty to negotiate and conclude a peace with America. The principle of the proposed bill was a cessation of hostilities, by a truce of ten years, and the establishment of a friendly and commercial intercourse, the better to effect a peace.

Mr. Fox, General Conway, Mr. Burke, and Sir George Savile, supported the motion, and endeavoured to prove the absolute necessity of offering the Americans some conditions of peace at this time, and they admonished the ministry not to be elated by any temporary successes.

Lord North, and Lord George Germaine, strongly opposed the motion, insisting that the Americans have been offered such terms as are consistent with the honour of Great Britain, which they have rejected, and that the terms sufficient are vested in the Commander in Chief in America, to make peace with the Americans whenever they return to their allegiance, an event they seemed to look at no great distance.

Upon a division, the motion was rejected 133 votes against 43.

Sir George Savile then moved the following resolution: "That the war with America is unconstitutional, expensive, and ruinous," which was hardly noticed when the division was called for, and the motion was rejected upon a division, by 105 votes against 43.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge concluded the business of the day by two propositions similar to the Duke of Richmond's motion in the other House, respecting Lord Amherst's motion to Colonel Twissleton, upon which a division was moved the previous question, that the question be not now put, and it was carried by a great majority.

Thursday, June 29.

George Savile's bill to secure the Protestant religion in Great Britain from any encroachments of Popery, by more effectually restraining persons professing the Romish religion from teaching or taking upon themselves the education or government of the children of Protestants, was reported from committee with amendments, which were agreed to by the House, and the bill was passed the third time, passed, and sent to the

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Friday, June 30.

committee on the bill for altering duties on the importation of Flanders lace, *Earl Temple* strongly opposed it, and brought witnesses to the bar, who being examined, informed the committee, that no more than 300,000 persons employed in the manufacture of British thread lace would be ruined, if the alteration of the duties proposed by the bill should take place.

His lordship, in an excellent speech upon the occasion, exposed the shameful timidity, and wretched policy of administration, in attempting to lower the duty, and encourage the importation of Flanders lace, to the prejudice of the British lace manufacturers, at the requisition of the ambassador of the Empress Dowager of Germany, sovereign of the Austrian Netherlands.

The Duke of Grafton ably supported Lord Temple, and desired the committee would reflect on the dangerous consequences of reducing such a number of British manufacturers to poverty, through want of employment.

Lord Stormont undertook the defence of the bill, on a principle of commercial policy, for he stated the benefits derived from our lace manufactory to be local, chiefly confined to Buckinghamshire, and the neighbouring counties; but the commerce we carry on to Flanders, he represented as highly advantageous to the nation in general, by the great export of our woollen manufactures, which employed three hundred ships yearly, and they returned empty, so that we received money for our woollen manufactures. Upon these suggestions, which betrayed the great ignorance of the noble lord on the subject of our trade with the Austrian Netherlands, the bill passed the committee, and after a division, was ordered to be read the third time on the Tuesday following. The numbers were 17 contents against 12 non-contents. And on the day proposed for the third reading, a motion was made and carried to put off the further consideration of the bill till the next session; but the parliament being dissolved, if the matter is taken up again, it must be by a new bill.

Monday, July 3.

The bill to restrain the Roman Catholics from teaching Protestant children, &c. which stood committed for this day, was amply debated, the House having been summoned for that purpose.

The Archbishop of Canterbury professed himself a friend to religious toleration, and observed, that the most respectable tenet in the Christian system was humanity, and it never could be compatible with that tenet to compel men into modes of worship against their consciences and belief.

The Marquis of Rockingham wished to restrain Roman Catholics as much as possible from educating the children of Protestants, but he hoped no infringement of the free exercise of their religion, nor any impediment to their building or repairing chapels for public worship, would be permitted by this bill or any other.

Earl Ferrers moved an humble address to his majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to give directions to the right reverend Bench of Bishops, enjoining them to order the parochial clergy in every diocese, to make

an exact enumeration of the Roman Catholics within their districts, and that the same be laid before the House, on the first day of the next session of parliament.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Moss) informed the House, that he had already made enquiries similar to those proposed by the noble lord's motion, and he had the satisfaction to assure their lordships, upon authentic calculations, that the number of persons professing the Roman Catholick religion, throughout the kingdom, was diminished above one half, in the last two generations, or century. In the county of Chester alone, which is remarkable for being inhabited by them, they were reduced from 25,000 to 16,000, since the year 1767.

The Archbishop of Canterbury declared he had made the same enquiries, and the result was, that the number of Roman Catholics had not increased, neither were there any new schools set up, except one for boys, at Hammersmith.

The motion, however, was agreed to unanimously.

An amendment to a clause in the bill was then proposed by the *Bishop of Rochester*, and supported by the *Lord Chancellor*, and *Earl Bathurst*; by which the Roman Catholics were prohibited taking upon them the instruction, government, and boarding of Protestant children. Several lords, though they consented to this amendment, seemed inclinable to get rid of the bill on this day, the Lord Chancellor having given it as his opinion, that whatever restraint it might be judged necessary to lay upon the Roman Catholics, this was not the proper time; as it looked like countenancing the late insurrections, by doing it upon the spur of the occasion.

The Bishop of Ely said, if the bill could be put off to the next session, he would move for a committee of the whole House to examine all the laws subsisting in favour of and against the Roman Catholics, which he believed were not properly known at present either by Papists or Protestants.

The bill now got through the committee with an amendment to the title, *Earl Bathurst*, objecting to the words, "to secure the Protestant religion," which he said was in no danger. The third reading was then fixed for Wednesday, when the *Duke of Chandos* called upon the House to maintain their own dignity, by rejecting a bill which wore the appearance of being forced upon them by the tumultuous proceedings of a lawless mob. And he moved the rejection of the bill, upon which a division ensued, and it was thrown out by 19 non contents, against 7 contents.

No other material business was done in either House, this week, except passing the bill to indemnify the sheriffs, jailers, and prisoners, for the escapes occasioned by

breaking open and setting fire to several prisons.

And on Saturday, July the 8th, his majesty came to the House of Peers, and closed the session with the following most gracious speech from the throne:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"IT gives me great satisfaction to find myself able to determine this long session of parliament, that you may be at liberty to return to your several counties, and attend to your private affairs, after so laborious a discharge of your duty in the public service, and I take this occasion to express my sincere acknowledgement for the fresh proof you have given me of your affectionate zeal for the support of my government, and your just estimation of the real and permanent interests of your country.

Your magnanimity and perseverance in the prosecution of this just and necessary war have enabled me to make such exertions of will, I trust, by the assistance of divine providence, disappoint the violent and wicked designs of my enemies, and bring them to listen to equitable and honourable terms of peace.

"These exertions have already been attended with success by sea and land; and the important and prosperous turn of affairs in North America affords the fairest prospect of the returning loyalty and affection of the subjects in the colonies, and of their re-union with their parent country.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons

"I feel myself under particular obligations to thank you for the large and ready supplies you have so cheerfully granted, for the confidence you repose in me. My attention shall be wanting, on my part, to render them effectual, and to see them fully applied.

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,

"Let me earnestly recommend to you to assist me, by your influence and authority, to secure your several counties, as you have by your unanimous support in parliament, in preserving the peace of the kingdom from future disturbances, and watching over the protection of the public safety. Make me sensible of the happiness they enjoy, and the distinguished Advantages they derive from our excellent constitution in church and state. Warn them of the hazard of sedition—Point out to them the fatal consequences of such commotions as have been excited; and let it be your care to press on their minds this important lesson. That rebellious insurrections to reform the laws, must end either in the destruction of the persons who make attempt, or in the subversion of our happy constitution."

A prorogation was ordered to the 1st of August, and on Friday the 1st of September

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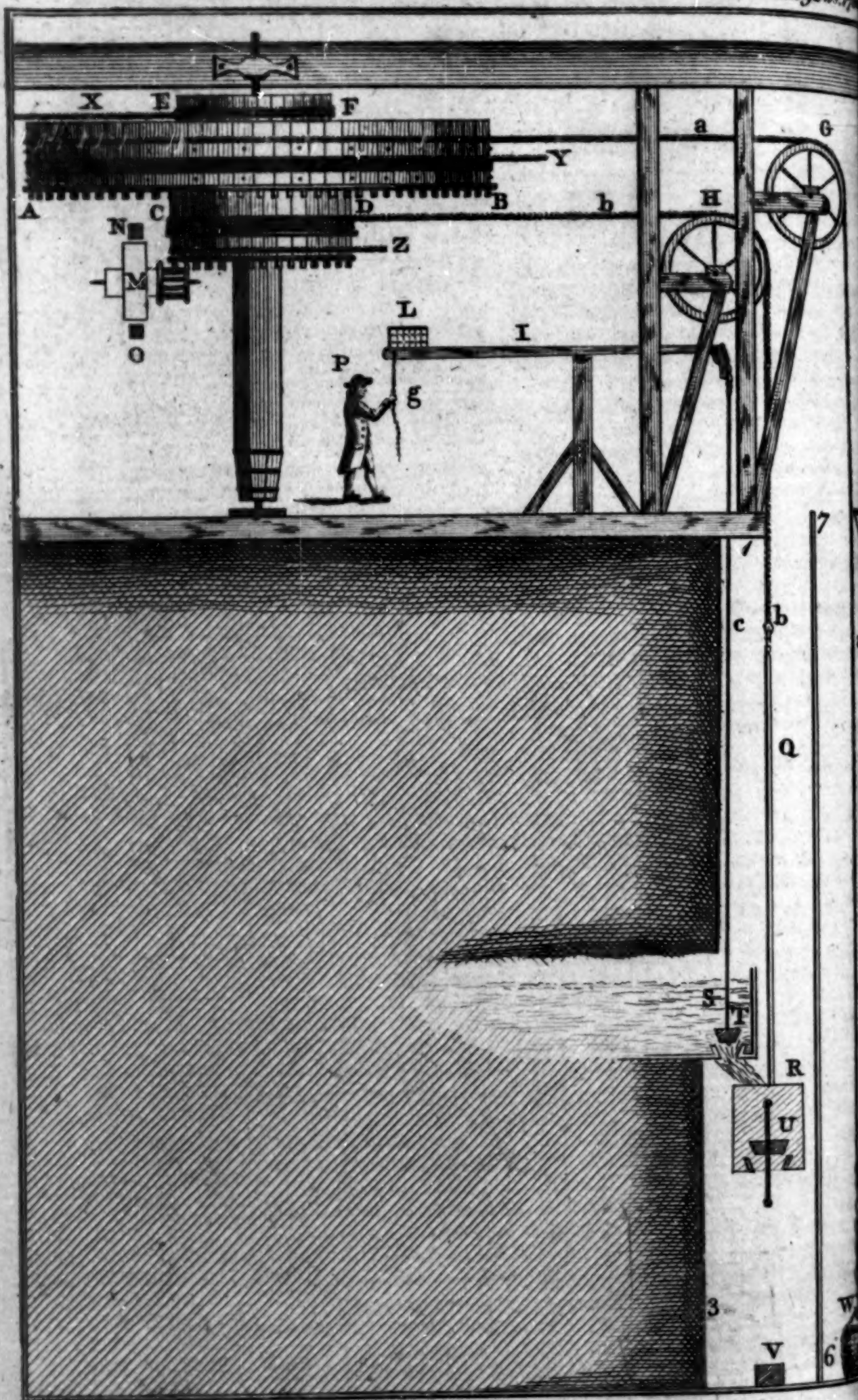
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A Machine for drawing Coals.

proclamation was issued for dissolving that parliament and calling another. [See the

proclamation in our Monthly Chronologer, for September, p. 436.]

DESCRIPTION OF A MACHINE FOR DRAWING COALS WITH WATER.

(With a Plate of the Machine.)

WHERE the ultimate end of any scheme, invention, or improvement, is profit, there is no need of apology for offering the same to the public.

I shall therefore hasten to the description of a machine for drawing of coals with water, under certain circumstances, frequently occurring in collieries, which would be attended with considerable saving to the coal-owner, in curtailing that expensive article of drawing them with horses.

The circumstances above adverted to, are, 1. Where a colliery has a free water-course, and where a sufficient quantity of water can be collected at a proper part of the shaft, as, at any upper seam of coal, or soft stratum of stone, where the cutting-out of a large receptacle for all feeders of water between the surface of the earth and that level, may be effected at the least expence.

2. Where there is a free water-course, as above, and where a sufficiency of water can be had at, or near, the top of the pits, from springs, rivulets, &c.

3. Where a sufficient quantity can be had from springs, &c. at, or near, the top of the shaft, and where there is the advantage of a tub to carry off the same, at any proper part of the shaft.

The plate exhibits nearly, in profile, a machine for the purpose, where the circumstances of case 1st occur.

The description of the component parts of the machinery, and the rationale of working, shall combine together, for the sake of clarity; and to make this essay suitable to a room to be expected in a magazine.

The hook W being put under the bow of the corf 5 (filled with coals) at the bottom of the shaft; the *onsetter*, or person doing office, gives notice thereof to the *brake-man* P, either by ringing a bell, or calling to him; on which he pulls the rope 8, raising the end L of the lever I, which, by means of the spear e, raises the valve T; through which the water collected in the receptacle S rushes into, and fills the tube or vessel R, which being appended to the wheel CD, by the chain bb, and spear Q going over the pulley wheel H, gives motion to the machine, and draws up the corf 5, by means of the rope 8 going over the shaft-pulley G, and resting on the wheel AB.

The diameters of the wheels CD and AB being in the same proportion as the distance of the receptacle S above the bottom of the shaft; it follows, that in the time the vessel R descends to the bottom, the corf 5 will be drawn to the surface.

to the bottom of the pit, the corf 5 will be drawn to the surface.

The corf 5 being drawn a small height above the top of the pit 2, for the *bank-man* to take upon his sledge; the valve U, at the bottom of the tub R, is struck up by a particular stop at V, which very soon empties the same of its water, and the corf 5 becoming heavier than the empty vessel R, will, assisted by the *bank-man*, gently descend upon his sledge, to be conveyed to the place for leading away the coals.

Z and Y are a chain and rope going from the wheels CD and AB, which, communicating with another tub and corf similar to those described (but not shewn in the plate, to prevent confusion) give an alternate motion to the machine, and keep up as regular a method of drawing coals as if the same was done by horses.

M is a section of a *convoy-wheel*, in this figure, adapted to the cogs on the underside of the wheel CD; but, with mechanical propriety, should be applied in the same manner to those on the underside of AB, which the smallness of the figure would not here allow—N and O being sections of the upper and under convoys; which, with proper combination of powers extending to the *brake-man*, enables him to regulate the motion of the machine.

X is a rope going from the wheel EF to a spiral or cycloid, to, or on which weights are appended, and ascend and descend, for the purpose of counterbalancing the weight of the *down-ropes* alternately, as is well known in some collieries.

There are several mechanical *minutiae* to be attended to, in order to the better and more safe and effectual working and regulating of this machine, such as the taking-up and letting-out of the ropes occasionally; the lessening of the motion of the machine at the meeting of the corves; the prevention of accidents from the breaking of corf-bows, &c. &c. which the fear of trespassing on the room and patience of the reader, makes me omit.

As soon as the tub R begins to descend, the valve T must be shut, which is easily done, by the *brake-man* P letting go the small rope 8—the box L holds weights nearly counterbalancing the spear e; there being the same contrivance for drawing the other corf, not here shewn.

1, 2, 3, 4, is a section of the shaft; 6, 7, a section of a brattice, to keep the tubs and corves apart during the time of working.

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To enlarge any further on this plain, but profitable machine, would be insulting the understandings of the gentlemen in the coal-trade with tautology; many of them having a particular *acumen* for mechanical researches,

and for whose success none wishes more ardently than their Most humble servant,
JOHN BURNARD
Bushblade's Colliery, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Oct. 20, 1780.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE L.

THE *Regulator, or Instructions to form the Officer, and complete the Soldier, upon fixed Principles. Illustrated with a Variety of curious and instructive Notes, for the better establishing of Discipline and Subordination, &c. By Thomas Simes, Esq. 8vo. 6s. boards. Becket.*

NO science has been so little explained in theory as the military; it was imagined the duties of the soldier in every rank, from the private to the general, are to be known only by practice, and that no fixed principles could be laid down for the regulation of their conduct, so much depending upon circumstances and local temporary incidents. Owing to this prejudice, it passed into a received opinion, that a military man could learn nothing from books, and therefore scarce any were published on military subjects, in England, till of late years.

But the sanction given to our author's labours, which have been honoured with the approbation of his majesty, and of the commander in chief of the army, has removed that prejudice, and his publications for the instruction and improvement of his brethren in the military science have met with uncommon success.

The present treatise is remarkably useful, as it informs every military man distinctly, what is his duty, and how to execute it in the manner "most honourable to himself, and most advantageous to his country." It opens with the duties of a private soldier, and contains excellent advice to them, especially on the articles of obedience, diligence, and sobriety. The treatise is methodically arranged, and rises progressively from the private soldier to the colonel. Those parts which regard the privates, corporals, and serjeants, lie within so narrow a compass, and are so very clear and intelligent, that it might be of great use to have them printed separately, and distributed in every regiment, to these classes of men, who are liable to severe punishments for neglect of duty, and often offend from not having every point of duty strongly impressed upon their minds. It is not to be supposed that every private soldier can read; a copy to every sixth man, with orders to read it twice a week to his companions might be sufficient; the expence would be trifling, and it would save many a whipping.

In treating of the ensign and his duties, Mr. Simes makes some observations which

should recommend his book to all young gentlemen, who either from sudden inclination or the unhappy situation of their affairs, give their thoughts to the army, without giving themselves the trouble to examine if they are possessed of the requisite qualifications; supposing generally, that it is a life of ease and a polite walk, in which they can make a much better figure than in the path of common industry. It is likewise supposed by many idle young fellows, that the drudgery and slavish confinement of warehouses, counting-houses, and offices, are much more intolerable than the military service; and when they read this part of Mr. Simes's work, and they will be undeceived. We must however, that in another edition, he should state the expences of an ensign, as many considerate young men enter into the service without reflecting, that the pay is not sufficient for their maintenance; and their friends being frequently unable to make any addition to it, shame, repentance, and grief carries them to the grave, before they have seen the face of an enemy.

But the greatest misfortune is, as our author justly observes, when a man feels himself a want of courage, and yet enters in the service. This is doing a great injury to his king and country, by filling the ranks with men, who are not properly qualified, and who have not the necessary qualifications which another man, properly qualified, would have possessed. He mentions one instance which merits relation. A rich merchant purchased a captain's commission for his son in the reign of Queen Anne; the son was ordered to Flanders; and at the battle of Lisle, he complained to the Duke of Burgundy that the noise of the cannon disturbed his rest, and made his head ache; he therefore desired leave to return to England. The duke smiled, and told him it was his opinion "his heart ached more than his head," and that he might return as soon as he pleased. The captain over-joyed, departed the next morning, and the day after his commission the very same day was given to a captain lieutenant, who had shown proofs of his courage and good conduct. More care was taken to find out and reward him, whose parents and friends sent him to the army and navy mercifully rid of them, because they have been so wild and idle, the service would be benefited, and merit would be the basis of promotion.

Several military commentaries on the art of war, an introduction to the

and a chapter on the judge advocate and
series close this work.

*Thoughts in Prose and Verse, started
in Walks.* By John Hope, Esq. 8vo.
Goldsmit.

A collection of miscellaneous pieces, not
of merit, and had they been original,
being the high price at which a slender
is offered to the public. But most,
all of them, have been already retailed
through the kingdom in a monthly magazine
in news-papers, on easier terms, and
some persons who have purchased them
at mode, are now deluded into a purchase
of goods. It is in this sense that we say,
are not originals. If a fair sign had been
out at the door, there would have been
scarcity, but neither the title page, nor the
titlement of the book give you the least
suspicion that these thoughts were ever be-
published. The author is a gentleman
of family and fortune, who has travelled far
for information upon men and man-
and thought proper to bestow the la-
of his pen in assisting a magazine, and
news-papers; this conduct was generous,
the editors undoubtedly very heartily
valued him, as we do our respectable corre-
spondents. But under the same circumstances,
if advice could prevail, we should recom-
mend it to any of them who intend hereafter
to publish for profit in a separate volume, the
miscellaneous pieces they had favoured us
to inform the public in their advertise-
ment and title-pages, when and where they
made their first appearance.

Mr. Hope was more particularly under an
obligation to observe every rule of delicacy
and decorum in this respect, because he cen-
sured authors and booksellers pretty freely;
and states to mankind in general, with an
imperial authority, that shews he
is himself of no little consequence, in
the literary world, at court, in the senate
(or in the camp, in assemblies, at
dinnering places, in America, and vari-
ous parts of Europe; in fine, here, and
every where. — The Latin phrase
is better, but Mr. Hope shames one out of
the use of bits and scraps of different lan-
guages interlarded throughout almost every
part of a work; yet, strange to tell, the ob-
servation of learning he reprehends in others,
continually guilty of himself. In few
words, under a transparent veil of modesty,
he labours to hide the most consummate
conceit we ever remember to have met

with. He says there is a combination amongst
London booksellers, to discourage every
book that comes from a country press, and
as we are writing for one of them,
we may not be suspected of favouring
their sordid designs, we shall declare, that
there are many curious, interesting, and en-
tertaining pieces in this volume.

The cursory thoughts started in walking,
are few and short, extending only from page
1 to 49. Next follows, a set of periodical
papers, under the title of the *Leveller*, in
number twenty-two, written upon nearly as
many different subjects. Letters on credit,
on impressing seamen, on the state of poli-
tics in 1779. And a collection of miscel-
laneous poetry. It will appear in the peru-
sal of the prose pieces, that Mr. Hope is much
better qualified for a miscellaneous writer
than Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom he attacks
with great asperity for his pompous diction,
and other marks of literary arrogance. For,
Mr. Hope informs us in one cursory
thought, "That he can dance a minuet
with the utmost unconcern before the most
genteel assembly, he can scrape a fiddle with
perfect facility, before the most numerous
audience, provided always they be previously
acquainted that he is no professional musi-
cian; (yet one of his Levellers is a criticism
on our best musical performers)—He has rode
in the manege, and practised in the fencing
school without any tremor upon him, before
the most beautiful female spectators. And
he never made a difficulty of shewing to any
body, the wretched productions of his pen-
cil." In this commencement of his own
exhibition, we have but a few of his nume-
rous accomplishments. In other parts of his
performance, he will be found to be a poli-
tician (and a warm one); an architect, dic-
tating to the president of the Royal Academy,
and damning or applauding other artists. A
lawyer, a physician, a satirist, and a punster.
He likewise understands most of the modern
languages, "and when any body plaguea
him with bastard *Italian*, and broken *French*
in conversation, his method of levelling those
gentry is, by rumbling out a bit of *German*
or *Dutch*, by which, as these languages are
but seldom understood in England, they in-
stantly perceive that he has travelled, for
their comprehension, a little too far north." After his example, we may be permitted to
close this article with a pun. Hope is a
flatterer, delusive, uncertain, and incon-
sistent; but a cheerful, entertaining com-
panion.

LII. *Common-Place Arguments against Ad-
ministration, with obvious Answers, intended
for the Use of the new Parliament.* 11. 6d.
Faulder.

THE ingenious and witty author of *Anti-
cipation*, a celebrated pamphlet which ap-
peared at the opening of the session of par-
liament, in 1778, has again exercised his
talents, if we mistake not, in the present
publication. The success of common-place
arguments has been rapid, for the third edi-
tion is already before us. Yet in our humble
opinion, it falls far short of the merit of Mr.
Tickell's *Anticipation*. Besides a rich vein
of humour, there was a great variety of cha-
racteristic description in the first production.

The views, the interests, the speeches, and the persons of many members of the last House of Commons were so exactly delineated, that it was impossible to mistake them. In the present publication, we have only a general sketch of the arguments to be used by the opposition party, which is finely drawn, and will turn out to be a true likeness. But the *obvious answers* are not solid refutations of those arguments, common-place as they are. The topics of opposition contain some weighty charges of mal-administration, which may be glossed over by a flimsy political writer, but the real distresses of this country are too serious to be trifled with; wit and sophistry will not palliate national disgrace, and domestic infelicity, which must soon be felt by all ranks of people.

The common-place arguments of the present popular member in the new House of Commons, as far as he has yet opened himself, exactly tally with those pointed out in this pamphlet, and if we wish to remark how nicely the author guesses at what will pass in parliament, we have only to compare his arguments concerning the capture of the West India fleet, and the navy, with a speech lately made by a noble duke, in a motion for navy papers.

The specimens of miscellaneous eloquence, or collateral rhetoric for the gallery, is truly picturesque, and a true resemblance of what frequently happened in the last parliament. How it may be in the present, it may not be safe even to conjecture.

LIII. *An Enquiry into the Advantages and Disadvantages resulting from Bills of Inclosure.* 1s. 6d. Cadell.

NO branch of political economy deserves more deliberate consideration than the subject of this pamphlet. A rage for inclosure has prevailed for many years, and it is much to be feared that selfish views have laid asleep the understandings of men of the first abilities in the kingdom, otherwise it would have been impossible to have got over the many solid objections made from time to time against this pernicious innovation.

It is a happiness that the conduct of the last parliament may now be censured with impunity; and no part of it lies more open to censure than the negligent manner in which inclosure bills were hurried through the House of Commons. The titles and contents were mumbled over by the speaker in a low inarticulate voice, as if he was either ashamed of the business, or afraid if they were distinctly heard, and fairly investigated, that they would be thrown out, which would have been a great loss to him. The enquiry before us is, therefore, well timed, as it is made at the opening of a new parliament, which, from the nature of the public business to be first dispatched, cannot as yet proceed upon any proposed inclosure bills. It is to be hoped the new speaker will

consider it as a part of his duty, to read distinctly and audibly, the titles and contents of every bill that is brought into the House of Commons, especially as the House permits strangers to be in the gallery, who must entertain unfavourable notions of the representatives, when they observe that bills are proposed, carried through their stages, and passed, without being heard, or attended to. In the House of Lords, a bill, whether public or private, is read more audibly by the chancellor and by the clerks, than they were in the House of Commons, during the last parliament. It may truly be affirmed, that not half of the business transacted was ever heard in the gallery.

The very sensible and humane author of the enquiry now under our consideration, dresses it to both Houses of parliament, he has treated his subject in so moderate a manner, that we hope every member of both Houses, who is not biased by prejudice, or warped by interest, will put the author upon his trial, by reading him with care, and weighing his arguments in scales of candour and equity.

"I am vindicating," says he, "the cause of those who are for the most part too illiterate to plead their own; and in general, too poor or too diffident to employ an advocate. Their voices, therefore, are too feeble to reach the bar of either House of parliament. Let me then, implore both the hereditary and elective members of the legislature, to be patrons and protectors. Let me intrude to delineate some general principles upon the subject of inclosing, by which you will terminate invariably to act, and which will then render all petitions from others unnecessary. What time can be more proper for such an undertaking than the present, when from the necessities of the state, every member of the community is burthened with it. If it be folly to expect that by any other means the wailings of poverty can be entirely suppressed, at least, it is but justice to demand from the British legislature, that the scourge of oppression shall be effectually prevented. This passage sufficiently demonstrates that the author is not against all inclosures; but has not been a proper discrimination in the inclosure bills that have been introduced into laws. He states the manifest advantages attending some species of inclosure, and the disadvantages of others. He proves very satisfactorily, that all the advantages derived from the inclosure of commons, may be obtained without the evils consequent upon such inclosures. All the evils, which certainly accrue from the farm to farm attend upon this species of inclosures; for the allotments of small commons when inclosed, are only the farms, which before subsisted;

to read the titles and thought into the gallery, notions of the service that their being heard of Lords, is read or and by the House of Commons. It is half of the heard in the mane author consideration, parliament, in so mifer every member biased by st, will put leading him arguments in he, the cr part too illi a general, an advocate. T eeble to reach iament. Le ereditary and ture, to be et me intrea principles uphich you will t, and which rom others, be more prop the present, he state, every ened with at by any be entirely ut justice are, that the ctually preven y demonstrat nclosures; but discriminating at have been the manifest species of ind of others. ly, that all ne inclosure ed without ts out the cures. All y accrue from this specia tments of f are only e substituted;

arm-houses are wanted, and consequently are seen to cheer the traveller with the delightful view of increasing plenty, industry, and population. The inclosure of these commons lessens the abundance of provisions, annihilates the spirit of industry, increases the number of the poor, and eradicates every encouragement to matrimony." Our author particularly describes the commons which ought to be inclosed, these are, all commons containing any quantity of land less than one hundred acres. Such commons he calls small commons, and maintains that the poor and the public at large would be benefited by suffering them to be inclosed. The great motive for inclosures, and which made them so general was, to increase the quantity of arable land, which raised the landlord's income, but experience has now shewn the folly of their selfish principles. Farmers are asking in all parts of the kingdom, and landlords go without their rents—a just punishment for having raised them too high. He likewise thinks that the breed of sheep, and consequently the growth of wool, that inexhaustible article of wealth, has been diminished by the inclosure of small commons, and common fields, which being divided into small allotments in many parishes where inclosures have taken place, sheep do not thrive—for they require at least a needless scope of fifty acres, for their due proper range. This is a circumstance of the utmost moment to the community, which the late frequent paroxysms of rage for the indiscriminate inclosing of commons, has entirely neglected or over-looked.

LIV. *A Speech of Edmund Burke, Esq. at Guildhall in Bristol, previous to the late Election in that City; upon certain Points relative to his Parliamentary Conduct.* 1s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS is a very different speech from that which was published in many of the newspapers at the time, as the genuine oration of Burke to the electors of Bristol. It appears, in its present form, to have been carefully arranged, digested, amplified, and corrected for the press; our limits will not allow us to enter into the merits of his political discussions, neither would we wish to annul the pleasure which the admirers of his composition will take in reading it. We shall therefore only mention, that he is charged with four charges which he had heard, been brought against his conduct in parliament. *First*, his neglect of a due attention to his constituents, and not paying more frequent visits to Bristol. *Secondly*, his conduct in the affairs of the first Irish trade acts. *Thirdly*, his opinion and mode of proceeding in Lord Beauchamp's debtors bills. *Fourthly*, his votes on the late affairs of the Roman Catholics.

His main defence of his conduct in answer to these charges, is the object of this publi-

cation, as it was of the shorter speech delivered in the Guildhall of Bristol. Could he have explained himself as fully then, as he has now done, it is probable it might have had a better effect; we will not pretend to form any decisive judgement upon the piece; but the rejection of his proffered services again in parliament, plainly demonstrates, that a majority of his former constituents were not satisfied with verbal justification, and his pen has supplied the defects of his oration too late.

The part which relates to his espousing the bill for repealing sundry penal statutes against the Roman Catholics, affords a fund of information, and exhibits a chain of candid reasoning, which merits the attention of those who have deeply interested themselves on either side of this important question. It seems, a notion had prevailed at Bristol, that Mr. Burke was the first mover, or seconder of this bill in favour of the Roman Catholics; he sets the matter right, by informing the gentlemen, that he did not once open his lips on the subject during the whole progress of the bill. It was moved by Sir George Savile, and seconded by Mr. Dunning, Recorder of Bristol. At the same time he applauds the measure, reasons upon it at large, and glories in having promoted it. He also avows his having exerted himself after the late unhappy tumults, to prevent the repeal of the act enlarging the toleration of the Roman Catholics, which had occasioned such dreadful outrages; and he thanks God, that parliament had escaped such a national disgrace as it would have been, to have broken the public faith with the Roman Catholics, after they had sworn to certain points required by the act, upon condition of enjoying the benefits granted to them by it.

LV. *Medical Commentaries, exhibiting a concise View of the latest and most important Discoveries in Medicine and Medical Philosophy, Part II. for 1780. By Andrew Duncan, M. D.* 1s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS useful compilation, collected and published under the care of so eminent a professor of medicine, in Edinburgh, highly merits the encouragement and thanks of the faculty in all parts of Great Britain, as it must be of great benefit to them in their practice, to be informed regularly of all the discoveries and improvements that are made in the medical world. The present publication contains, besides a copious review of new medical works, the following medical communications:

A Case of the successful Treatment of the Hydrocephalus Internus by Mercury; by John Mackie, Surgeon, of Huntingdon. Observations on the Benefit derived from the Use of *Cuprum Ammoniacum*, in a spasmodic Affection of the Abdominal Viscera, and in Hysteria; by Dr. Storer, of Grantham. An Account of the Effects of the same

some Medicine in the Cure of Epilepsy; by Mr. Bland, Surgeon, of Newark. Dr. Armstrong's Address to the Medical Practitioners of Great Britain, respecting the Use of Matlock Waters; and sundry other articles of medical news.

LVI. *Essays on various Subjects of Taste and Criticism.* By A. Macauley, A. M. 2s. Dilly.

THE subjects of these essays are, General Remarks on the Nature, Origin, and Progress of Poetical Composition. On Pastoral Poetry. And a Critique on the first Book of *Paradise Lost*. This learned gentleman sets a proper value on rational criticism; in his opinion, it is a branch of science which happily combines the two great ends of all literary pursuits, utility and pleasure. A correct taste, and delicate feelings, he observes, are qualities very friendly to the exercise of the social and benevolent affections; nor have they less connection with the moral character, and the devotional taste. Upon the whole, a taste for the beauties of nature and art ought to be regarded as the handmaid of virtue, and criticism should be grounded on the unerring principles of taste. Our author speaks of his attempt to exemplify this maxim with a degree of modesty, well becoming a young candidate for literary fame. We may venture to assert, that he will not want much indulgence from the severest critics of the times, for shallow wits will not fathom his plan, and men of sound judgement will be too much delighted with the elegant taste of this juvenile writer, in his first publication, to be disposed to censure any trivial errors, and no others will be found in these essays. The illustration of the superiority of Poetry over Painting, is ingenious and elegant. He gives pastoral poetry the preference to every other branch of the poetic art. It is the most pleasing, because the objects it represents—the scenes, manners, and passions of rural life—are in themselves highly delightful. Pope and Dry-

den's definition of pastoral, "that it is an imitation of the actions of a shepherd," Mr. Macauley considers as too limited, for it excludes all ideas relating to tillage and planting, which may with propriety be introduced into a poem of this sort. Pastoral poetry might therefore be more justly defined—A representation of the employments, diversions, and passions of rural life. The third, fifth, and seventh eclogues of Virgil, he recommends as perfect models for this species of poetry, and the finest poem of this kind in the English language, he thinks, is the pastoral ballad of Shenstone. A poem which is universally admired, which has been imitated by many, but equalled as yet by none. The thoughts and sentiments, Mr. Macauley says, are chiefly original; but what he has borrowed from the ancients he has greatly improved and adorned; to demonstrate this, he gives a quotation from the second eclogue of Virgil, and another from Theocritus, and contrasts them with Shenstone's beautiful imitation in the well-known and celebrated song,

"My banks they are furnish'd with bees."

The Persian eclogues of Mr. Collins, and the pastoral comedy in the Scotch dialect, by Allan Ramsay, entitled, *The Gentle Shepherd*, are highly spoken of; but the essay on the death of Shenstone, by Mr. Cunningham, he places next in the order of merit, after the above named ballad. Our author likewise gives us a specimen of his own talent, in a pastoral, entitled, *Spring*; but we do not think it so masterly as his criticisms. His critique on the first book of *Paradise Lost* is elaborate, and controversial with respect to some of the opinions of former critics. He thinks the whole poem a divine work, which will be handed down to succeeding ages, as one of the first exertions of human genius, but still he can discover its blemishes, and he points them out with equal candour and judgement.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE WOUNDED SQUIRE.

A Certain squire, no matter who,
Squire John o' Styles, or Noakes will do,

By some mischance had scratch'd his shin,
Or prick'd his finger with a pin;
We'll say—a particle of steel

Was found adhering to his heel.
Away the bustling servants go
To fetch the famous Dr. Doe;
The Doctor comes, with solemn face,
Adapted to the dreadful case;
With nicest touch explores the wound;
Examines if the bones are sound;

Dilates his eyelids—drops his chin—
To shew the great alarm he's in;
Then shakes his head, and seems to say—
"But little hopes,"—you know their way
The patient now retires to bed,
But first is vomited and bled;
The Doctor wishes he may rest,
And kindly bids him hope the best;
Declares, if nothing new comes on—
No hemorrhage, or various bone,
Bad fever, fungous incarnation,
Or periosteal inflammation,
In four-and-twenty days, or less,
A suppuration must take place,

The lacera
His streng
Prescribes
The same,
The purge
At four, o
The cordia
At six, or
The febrile
He'll feel h
The servan
Sincerely h
If otherwis
To scarify,
He thinks t
At worst, h
Then takes
Goes down
low.
"I own, 't
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That steel h
By G-d 'twas
I'm very lot
But apprehen
He seems m
And wound
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besides—the
As if the ped
'tis fift
He never lea
I've known a
And mortify
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The cure wil
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Eat, (swears,
And many oth
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The sooner we
The sooner pat

T. DELIA, e

HAIL happy

To thee, l

And Fortu

Her greatest dai

ore, friendsh

Await th

The lacerated muscles heal,
His strength return, and all do well,
Prescribes the purple draught at ten;
The same, with pills, at twelve again;
The purge at three; if that should gripe,
At four, or thereabouts, the pipe;
The cordial drops he'd have him take
At six, or sooner, if awake;
The febrifuge 'twixt eight and nine;
He'll feel his pulse at noon, and dine;
The servant must preserve his water;
Sincerely hopes to find him better;
If otherwise, 'tis not too late
To scarify, and salivate;
He thinks there can be no mistake here,
At worst, his son's an undertaker.
Then takes his leave, or makes a bow,
Goes down, and thus holds forth be-
low.

"I own, 'tis hard at first to tell;
But greatly doubt his doing well;
That steel has made most horrid work;
By G-d 'twas longer than a fork;
I'm very loth to give him over,
But apprehend he can't recover;
He seems much worse since first I came;
And wounds are wounds, and will in-
flame;

Besides—the place looks black, like dirt,
As if the pedal nerves were hurt;
If so, 'tis fifty pounds to five
He never leaves his room alive;
I've known a limb took thus at night,
And mortify before 'twas light;
And should a gangrene seize the part,
The cure will far exceed my art;
Do what I will, 'tis sure to spread,
And soon must reach from heels to head;
Then all must know, as well as I,
The sad event—the squire must die.
Fortho' sometimes, a wretch that begs
Peruses his trade *sans* arms or legs;
Eats, swears, gets tipsy, crawls about,
And many other things without;
Yet, when the rest is likewise gone,
The mendicant's career is done.

Now, since 'tis plain Squire Noakes can't
live,
The best advice my skill can give,
Is e'en to knock him on the sconce,
Or fairly cut his throat at once.
Each physician, if he wise is,
Knows each disease must have a crisis;
The sooner we can that obtain,
The sooner patient's out of pain."

A. Z.

TO DELIA, on her approaching Nuptials.

ALL happy nymph! indulgent Heav'n,
To thee, her richest gifts has giv'n,
And Fortune has in store,
The gratest dainties still for thee,
Friendship, joy, and harmony,
Await th' approaching hour.

To thee belongs enchanting bliss,
The panting breast, the balmy kiss,
The bright and sparkling eye,
The lips that quiver as they speak,
The ruddy rose-enamell'd cheek,
That emulates the sky.

Blest is thy Damon! happy he!
A happier swain can never be
Enclos'd in Hymen's band,
Nor could the nicest wish inspire,
The gentle youth once to desire,
A fairer lady's hand.

The arch coquet may fickle be,
The rake may swear he will be free,
By all the pow'rs above,
Not so with Damon's gen'rous soul,
He feels with rapture thy controul,
And fondly cries, "'Tis love."

Hail, happy Delia! lovely fair,
Blest nymph! the Gods peculiar care,
And happy Damon's choice;
Th' impartial world must all agree,
In yielding praise to love and thee,
With one accord and voice.

Grateful, let Damon thank the care
Of Cupid, who did first prepare
Thy breast for Love's alarms,
Soft'n'd by him, thou first gav'st ear,
His tender moving tale to hear,
And melted in his arms.

Phœbus, haste down the northern skies,
Dart through the night, and quickly rise,
To bring th' auspicious morn;
When the fond couple, side by side,
The happy bridegroom, lovely bride,
The nuptial rites adorn;

Then shall the neighb'ring nymphs and
swains,
Join in epithalamium strains,
To give the fair one joy:
And may the swain for ever prove,
Constant in friendship, true in love,
In love that ne'er can cloy.

May pleasure crown each circling year,
And ev'ry day an hour appear,
An hour unknown to strife;
And may the products of your joys,
Be pretty girls, and handsome boys,
To bless the loving wife.

Sept. 21, 1780.

The BEVY of BEAUTIES.

No. I.

DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

THAT form how resistless, those features
how fair,
Each look is a whisper the heart springs to
hear,
And fond to interpret, too roguishly given,
Conceives a soft meaning that lifts it to
heaven!

And

And yet those dear features, I'd readily swear,
The meaning which innocence gives, only
wear.

—O bow ye transgressors, in penitence bend;
Against such perfection, what sin to offend!
Yet see in the brightness which darts from
her eyes,

With Beauty's mild lustre her clemency flies!
That smile just display'd, to the soul has ex-
press'd,

The tranquil composure that reigns in her
May those eyes and that bosom, for ever,
blest fair,

Be undarken'd by sorrow, unruffled by care!
Or if a tear start, or a sigh gently move,
May the tear be of rapture, the sigh be of
love!

May your moments all fly on the wings of
delight,

And Pleasure's wide regions be still in your
And while you are tempted to ramble the
ground,

Let the music of gladness still echo around!

No. II.

DUCHESS of RUTLAND.

SCENE, *the Vicinity of Belvoir Castle.*

FIRST in these shades, remember'd with
delight,

The gentle Rutland struck my dazzled sight!

As on the came, her eyes diffus'd a-far,

The peerless lustre of the morning star!

Upon her beauteous cheek a blush was spread,

Superior to the loveliest day-break red;

Her waving locks were twin'd with flow'ry
braid;

Her vest was with the bloom of Spring
array'd;

And to the breeze, that vest display'd the
form

Of limbs, which must to love an Hermit
Her panting bosom to the wind unbrac'd,

Shew'd more of Heav'n than zealot ever
trac'd!

An air supreme in ev'ry step was seen—

The nymphs and shepherds hail'd their
Rural Queen:

And as the graceful beauty pass'd along,

The village minstrel greeted her in song;

At intervals, a choral strain arose,

And Rutland's name was heard in ev'ry close!

No. III.

LADY LAURA WALDEGRAVE.

OH! for the soul of Petrarch! on the
hour

He first receiv'd the force of beauty's pow'r;

When thro' the aisle he saw his Laura move,

And sweet devotion drop'd her wings to love;

While in the extacy of tender woe,

The poet had that soul in numbers flow.

* Petrarch saw Laura, for the first time, at the Church of St. Claire, in Avignon, happened on Monday the 6th of April, 1327.

O! for that soul!—Could'st thou awaken
bard!

This second Laura, could thine eyes regard,

Anew of beauty's force, thou'd'st surely sing

Anew thy harp to Love's complainings string!

Behold with easy air, with look serene,

With dignity, which lightens all the scene,

The life—the soul of elegance, advance

Along the mazes of the sprightly dance!

With the same grace she moves upon the
fight,

As sails a spirit o'er the tracks of light:

So may she ever move thro' life's career;

And still the praise of circles crown the fair

No. IV.

COUNTESS of CARLISLE.

On her Departure for Ireland.

SOON, Britain, to thy boastful seats,

The sweet Carlisle shall bid adieu;

And those bright hills, and green retracts,

By waves be sever'd from her view.

But ere she leaves thy rocky shore,

Let dutious zeal his tribute bring:

For her, he stills the billowy roar,

And wims the zephyr's lightest wing.

And thou, Hibernia, to thy arms,

With love, a sister's joy receive,

Oh! guard her well, whose worth, whose
charms,

Deserve each blessing thou can'st give.

Still let thy hills, thy valleys green,

Before her steps thy treasures spread;

Her wit will cheer the rural scene,

Her song enliven ev'ry shade.

And when propitious gales shall bear

The beauty to these shores again,

The Queen of Isles her head shall rear,

And breathe her thanks across the sea.

(To be continued.)

THE COBLER'S POLITICS.

Written Nov. 6, the Day after the

PUFFING his pipe, on alehouse bench

Strap wail'd Britain's hapless fate,

And ever as he took his drench,

Groan'd, and exclaim'd against the

Pint after pint, he tumbled down,

Pipe after pipe, he fill'd, and lighted

But nought his patriot cares could drown

His soul with grief was almost blighted

All things go wrong (he whiff'd, and

And ev'ry day fresh ills are brewing

Our courage lost, our ruin'd trade,

Shew all things tend to wreck and

Whilst — can hunt with horn and

And — can dose in easy-chair,

No time to ease the poor is found;

A cobbler is not worth their care!

Could I one day but rule the laws,
I well the rock we split on know,
Soon would I gain the world's applause,
By settling things in *statu quo*.
The cause of all our ills is clear;
This maxim will that cause explain—
Things ne'er went right since beer grew dear!
Nor will do till it falls again!"

M. N.

On Mr. M—D—N.

HAD M—d—n had the grace to read
The Sacred word with care,
He ne'er had writ *an increase the breed*,
Nor made the world to *stare*.

The Bible would this truth relate,
Deny it he who can,
That God one woman did create,
As an help meet for man.

IMPROMPTU,

A Gentleman, on reading the Chapter of
Polygamy, in Mr. M—D—N's THELYP-
THORA.

If John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
'Tis a very good match between Mary and
John;

But if John weds a score, oh! what claws
and what scratches!
It can't be a match—'tis a bundle of matches.

FRIENDSHIP. An Ode.

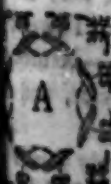
LIKE the soft gladd'ning dawn of light,
Successive to the gloom of night,
Is Friendship's ray serene;
When on the sickly couch I lie,
No more my bosom heaves the sigh,
Should Friendship cheer the scene.
'Tis Friendship gives the joy sincere,
Delights to wipe the falling tear,
To soothe the aching breast;
Our griefs a social solace find,
'Tis Friendship heals the wounded mind,
It blesses, and is blest.

On life's deceitful stream we sail,
Whene'er we meet a prosperous gale
The flattering tribe attend;
On whom, should adverse blasts arise,
Or threat'ning storms portend the skies,
'Tis folly to depend.

Let us, Lyfander, ever be
Inviolable in amity,
Still let its transports glow;
How few, like you, possess a mind,
Where the soft virtues are combin'd,
That feel another's woe.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.
LONDON.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27.

 Court of common-council was
held yesterday at Guildhall,
when a motion was made and
carried to defend the lord-
mayor and sheriffs in the suit
commented by Mr. Langdale,
a debate, and the opinion of the re-
ter, which went directly to that end.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1.

The losses sustained by other persons during
riots, as delivered to the Board of Works,
mounted, previous to the advertisements
in that office, to 130,000l. Since those
advertisements several other articles have
been given in, such as Newgate, a prison in
Borough, the tollhouses on Black-Friars-
bridge, &c. So that on the present list the
sums amount to about 180,000l.

THURSDAY, 2.

On Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock,
a ceremony of christening the young prince
performed in the great council cham-
ber of his majesty's palace, by his grace the
Bishop of Canterbury, his royal high-
ness the Prince of Wales, and Prince Fre-
derick being godfathers, and her royal high-
ness the Princess Royal being godmother.
The young prince was named Alfred.

By the last accounts from Bengal, there
are now in the treasury of that presidency
304 lacks of rupees, which valued at 2s. 3d.
per rupee, amount to above three millions
sterling.

SATURDAY 11.

Yesterday Mr. Justice Willes delivered
a charge to the grand jury in the court of
King's-Bench, which his lordship repeated
from written notes, and touched in a learned
manner on the late unhappy riots. The
charge also contained the doctrine of duty
of a grand jury, and pointed out as well the
importance as utility of the office. After
which Messrs. Chamberlayne and White,
solicitors for the crown, preferred a bill for
high treason against Lord George Gordon,
and the same was found.

TUESDAY, 14.

Yesterday a chapter of the most honourable
order of the Bath was held at St. James's,
when Admiral Rodney, General Pearson,
and T. Wroughton, Esq. his majesty's mini-
ster at the court of Stockholm, were elected
and invested by proxies (except Gen. Pearson)
with the ensigns of the said order.

WEDNESDAY, 22.

Yesterday in the afternoon John Trum-
bull, Esq. Son of the rebel governor Trum-
bull, of the province of Connecticut, in
America, was brought up from the New-
prison,

prison, to the Publick-office in Bow-street, for re-examination before Sampson Wright, Esq. and Mr. Addington, when three letters amongst others found in his possession were produced, and read in evidence against him; of which the following are authentick copies, viz.

C O P Y. [No. I.]

"Hon. Sir, *London, Sept. 8, 1780,*
 "IN two letters which I have written you lately from this place, I have said as much as was fitting on political news. I write this at the request of Mr. Temple, who means to follow soon to America; who wishes to be received as a deserting friend to his country. While he expects that weak and wicked men may attempt to injure his reputation, I feel myself happy in having it in my power, from my situation, to obviate every insinuation which may be made to you, and to say, that his residence in this country, since he last left Boston, has been essentially serviceable to the cause of America, by giving such ideas of her temper, and resources, as have preserved steady to her interests the few noble friends she has in both Houses of parliament, and staggered her numerous enemies. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. D. Hartley, Dr. Price, and names of similar dignity and principles are Mr. Temple's acquaintances here; and among such names, his own principles or integrity cannot be doubted. His desire is to return to Europe, in some publick character, as he formerly talked to you; I cannot but most heartily wish him success in his pursuit, and the particular favour and attention of my friends to his interests.

With sincere affection to all my friends,

I subscribe myself, honoured sir,

Your most dutiful son,

JOHN TRUMBULL."

"Gov. Trumbull."

C O P Y. [No. II.]

"Dear Sir, *Passy, Oct. 3, 1780.*
 "YOUR favour by Mr. Hartley I duly received. It is true we have had some late arrivals from America, but no letters have come here for you. If any do I shall forward them as you direct.

"My grandfather directs me to make you his best compliments, and likewise to Mr. Tyler, to whom I beg you to present mine, and believe me very sincerely, dear sir,

Your friend, and humble servant,

W. T. FRANKLIN,"

"J. Trumbull, Esq. London."

C O P Y [No. III.]

"Dear Sir,

"I have this moment received your very friendly and polite letter, and sincerely thank you for its contents. Your observations are very just, and I shall in every particular follow your advice.

"Since I wrote to you I have had some conversation with my father on the subject

of my intended expedition, and as he strongly opposes my thoughts of going by the way of the West-Indies, and at the same time warmly recommends our old route by Ostend and France, I am a little dubious how to act, but shall, I believe, relinquish my original plan, and adopt the last. In that case, the providing myself with camp equipage here would be unnecessary, from the impossibility of conveying it with me; at the same time that I shall, in the kingdom of our dear and great ally, be able to procure myself every thing that is necessary, and as good in quality as in London. From these considerations, request our mutual friend Waters not to execute my late orders until he hears further from me, and if he has already given his directions, to stop them, as in the course of a few days I shall be finally resolved.

"I shall rejoice to join you in any plan, that you and Waters may adopt, and hope in God, that your expectations may not be disappointed. A direct conveyance, is certainly of all others to be preferred, but should your present hopes not be realised, what other schemes have you, and when do you expect to leave England? If you will not look upon one as an intruder, I will accompany you in any way that promises to lead us to the desired port. I shall hold myself in readiness to obey the summons, and will at any time leave this in twenty-four hours. As I shall anxiously await the issue of your deliberations, be so obliging as to drop me a line upon the receipt of this, and at the same time send me your direction.

"The papers mention that Mr. L— is permitted to walk about the Tower; is the report founded in fact?—Remember me kindly to Waters and Tyler, and believe me

Lyme in Dorset, the

Nov. 1780.

Sincerely your's

WILLIAM WHITE

"John Trumbull, Esq.
to the care of Mr. Waters, No. 23, Villars-street, Strand, London."

Mr. Bond being sworn, deposed, that the letter (No. I.) he found upon the person of Mr. Trumbull, and those marked No. II. and III. in his bureau, at his residence George-street, York-buildings, at a Mr. Bushel's: That the prisoner behaved much like a gentleman, making no attempt to escape, only desiring to go to the necessity which Mr. Bond said he could not comply with, till he had first delivered up the papers that were about him; under an apprehension that he wanted by that pretext to make away with them.

Justice Wright now addressing Mr. Trumbull, said it was necessary he should interrogate him a little further relative to the above extraordinary correspondence, but humanely intimated at the same time, if it appeared to him that any question came from the bench

that might be no more than a ball's re-amounted. That the provi- his majesty's professed can Congr the comm deputy ad- forces, with that he ceas- he threw u- said of Fel- Europe, on- duff, with- ican servic- Nantes, in- From then- Paris, wher- then well re- have been- Mr. W. T. : That I- a passa- neither the- could recollec- the beginnin- on he had- pointing, wh- winter, could- well as the m- : That h- George-street, the man's na- addressed was- supercription, the connexion- al in Engla- ously different- culture, and- owned to- with Mr. Tem- ed. As to M- now nothing f- m-place acqu- met at V- med his prof- ings therefore- received he was- ly entitled, in- his majesty's- led the resign- ment. But- had any proof- ury surrender- The bench hav- to offer in hi- doubt but th- ance appeared- ed on such

that might materially affect him, he was under no necessity of answering it. Mr. Trumbull's replies to the several interrogatories, amounted to the following narrative, viz.—
 "That he was the son of John Trumbull, Esq. now governor of Connecticut, an office his father had enjoyed previous to the breaking out of the American war, which, unlike the other colonies, was elective in the province only, and that even without his majesty's approbation: That he still professed the government under the American Congress: That he himself, soon after the commencement of the war, was made deputy adjutant-general of the American forces, with the titular rank of colonel; but that he ceased to be a military man, when he threw up his adjutant-generalship, the 22d of February, 1777, and embarked for Europe, on board the *Nereis*, Captain Landolf, with Mr. Tyler, a major in the American service; and that they were landed at Nantes, in May, after a few weeks voyage, from thence he and Mr. Tyler went to Paris, where soon after he confessed to have been well received by Dr. Franklin, and to have been upon very intimate terms with Mr. W. T. Franklin, the doctor's grandson: That last summer he and Mr. Tyler, took a passage on board an Ostend packet (neither the name or captain of which he could recollect) and arrived in England in the beginning of July: That the profession he had in view, on his arrival, was painting, which Mr. B. West, the historical painter, could inform the bench fully of, as well as the manner how he usually spent his time: That he and Tyler lodged together in George-street, York-buildings; and that the man's name to whom his letters were addressed was not Waters, as appeared on the superscription, but Diggs: That he had very little connexion with Tyler since their arrival in England, their dispositions being widely different, Mr. Tyler being a man of pleasure, and he of quite a contrary turn. He owned to having had several interviews with Mr. Temple since his arrival in England. As to Mr. White (see No. III.) he knew nothing further of him than a commonplace acquaintance, whom he accidentally met at Vauxhall, not even having known his professions or connexions. All things therefore being duly weighed, he received he was entitled to his liberty, being entitled, in his opinion, to the benefit of his majesty's proclamation, which precluded the resignation of his American employment. But being asked here, whether he had any proof of having made the necessary surrender? He replied, he had not." The bench having heard every thing he had to offer in his defence, and entertaining no doubt but the strongest circumstantial evidence appeared against him, that could be produced on such an occasion, signed his

warrant of commitment to the New Prison, Clerkenwell, on account of the present unrepaid state of Newgate.

Mr. Trumbull now asked Mr. Wright, whether he might write a note to Mr. West, informing him of his situation? which was immediately granted him. He further hoped that he should meet with all the indulgence that could be allowed him, viz. to see his friends; to which Mr. Wright very humanely answered, "By all means; as to his friends visiting him, he could have no objection; for though in commitments to the Tower, for high treason, warrants of the secretary of state generally expressed, that they should be committed close prisoners, justices of the peace were only authorised to commit to the safe custody of the several jailors."—Mr. Trumbull returned the bench thanks for the candour of their proceedings, and, retiring, was conducted under a proper guard to the place of his confinement.

He is a genteel looking man, about thirty-five years of age, and rather of a fallow complexion; appears to possess a clear and manly understanding, and conducted himself through the whole of this trying scene, with a collected fortitude, highly becoming his situation.

Tyler, the associate of Mr. Trumbull, has absconded. Information upon oath has been made of his treasonable practices. Mr. Bond waited at his lodging till three o'clock yesterday morning, in expectation of his return; but it is supposed he had received previous notice of the fate of his colleague.

PROMOTIONS.

HIS Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnabruck, to be colonel in the army, by brevet, bearing date the 1st of November, 1780.—Lieutenant-General William Augustus Pitt, to be colonel of the 10th regiment of dragoons, vice Sir John Mordaunt.—Hon. Major-General John Vaughan to be governor of Berwick, vice Sir John Mordaunt.—The right honourable Charles Wolfran Cornwall, speaker of the House of Commons, sworn of his majesty's most honourable privy council.

MARRIAGES.

OCT. 12. **T**HE Rev. Peplow Ward, prebendary of Ely, to Miss Hamilton, of Chester.—A few days since, the Rev. Mr. Woolcombe, to Miss Fanny Walker, daughter to Mr. Alderman Walker, of Exeter.—The Rev. Dr. Luntley, fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, to Miss Susannah Walwyn, of Hereford.—25. John Ingilly, Esq. of Ripley-hall, in Yorkshire, to Miss Amcotts, daughter of Wharton Amcotts, Esq. member of parliament for East-Retford, Nottinghamshire.—Nov. 27. By a special licence, Lord Duncannon, son of the Right Hon. the Earl of B. borough, to the second daughter of

Earl Spenser.—A few days ago, W. Lygon, Esq. member of parliament for Worcester-shire, to Miss Dell.

DEATHS.

Sept. **T**HE Hon. Lady Mary Ramsden, 23. relict of Sir J. Ramsden, Bart.—30. The Most Hon. the Marchioness of Lothian.—Oct. 12. Anthony Chamier, Esq. under-secretary of state for the southern department, member of parliament for Tamworth, and fellow of the Royal Society.—14. Miss Nelthorpe, sister to Sir John Nelthorpe, Bart. of Barton in Lincolnshire.—Lately at Lyons in France, the Hon. John Roper, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Teynham.—A few days ago, the Hon. Mrs. Clarges, mother of Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart. and sister to Lord Viscount Barrington.—Sir Thomas Dyer, Bart.—24. Sir John Mordaunt, Knight of the Bath, the second general on the list of his majesty's forces, and colonel of the 14th reg. of dragoons.—29. Abraham Rawlinson, Esq. father of Henry Rawlinson, Esq. member of parliament for Liverpool.—Nov. 2. Sir George Wombwell, Bart. member of parliament for Huntingdon, and a director of the East-India Company.—5. Dr. Musgrave, in the rules of the King's Bench. He had been a prisoner ten years, and exempted by the nature of his debt, from every act of insolvency subsequent to his confinement.—11. The Hon. Henry Arlington Finch, youngest brother of the Earl of Aylesford.—12. The Right Hon. the Countess of Donnegal.—A few days ago, Mrs. Aislabe, lady of William Aislabe, Esq. one of the auditors of the imprest for Life.—Thomas Frederick Musgrave, Esq. uncle to the lady of Sir James Langham, Bart. and the last of the male branch of the Musgrave family, settled in the West of England.—Sir Nathaniel Hankerson, Knt. formerly governor of Bombay.

BANKRUPTS.

ROBERT HARDING and George Titterton, of Oxford-Street, St. George, Hanover Square, horse dealers and stable keepers.
John Marriott, of New Brentford, and also of Uxbridge, both in Middlesex, linen draper, haberdasher, and hatter.
Thomas Fry Clarke, of St. Mary's Hill, in Minchin-Hampton, in Gloucestershire, clothier.
Ebenezer Evans, of Newport-Street, Soho, leather-seller.
John Ireland, of Maiden Lane, St. Paul, Covent-Garden, watchmaker.
Robert Eustace, late of Waterford, in Ireland, but now of King Street, Cheap-side, London, merchant.
William Daniel, of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, grocer.
Thomas Payne and Richard Payne, of Cheap-side, London, goldsmiths and partners.
John Peadle, late of Freeman's Court, Cornhill, London dealer, (otherwise called John Palmer, otherwise called James Palmer).
Samuel Bradbury, late of the Strand, warehouseman and upholsterer.
Thomas Briddle, of High Wycombe, otherwise High Wickham, in Bucks, brewer.
William Shaw, late of Liverpool, dealer.
Robert Lewis, of Norwich, innholder.

William Woodbine, of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, merchant.
Philip Norbury of Brentford, in Middlesex, printer, bookseller, and stationer.
Joseph Levy, of Union-Street, Portingouth-Common, in Hants, linen draper.
Samuel Cresswell, late of Chancery Lane, tailor.
Maynard Torin, of Walworth, in Surrey, wine-merchant.
John Sacklemore, of Brighthelmston, in Sussex, maltster.
Thomas Williams Allen, late of Bow Church-Yard, London, hatter.
John Lassells, of the Turk's Head Coffee House, in the Strand, dealer.
James Watts Romney, late of the parish of Dedenham, in Worcestershire, money scrivener.
Elizabeth Abbey, of Nottingham, tea-dealer.
Henry Box, of Frome Selwood, in Somersetshire, victualler.
Hugh Combe, of Stanhope Street, Clare Market, druggist.
Robert Sanderfon, of Ratcliff Cross, coal-merchant (carrying on the trade and business under the name Rile, and firm of Robert Sanderfon and Co.)
Thomas Medhurst, of Kippax, in Yorkshire, and John Medhurst, of Leeds, in the said county, merchants and copartners, under the firm Thomas and John Medhurst.
Isabella Bray, late of Delighton, in the parish of Huddersfield in Yorkshire, widow and dealer.
Joseph Speck, of Newgate Street, London, wine merchant.
Thomas Weaire, of East Grinstead, in Sussex, the keeper.
John Price and William Burton, of Millbank Street, St. John, Westminster, coal-merchants and copartners.
Thomas Lane, late of Stoney Street, St. Saviour Southwark, but now of Seidon, in the parish of Croydon, in Surrey, iron-founder.
Thomas Eicutt, of Upper Thames-Street, London, wine-merchant.
Samuel Pyke, of Wormwood-Street, in the parish of London, tobacco-nist.
Thomas Hailes, of Berkeley Street, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, watch case-maker.
Thomas Parker, late of Leadenhall-Street, London, vintner.
Peter Stokes, late of Bexley, in Kent, mariner.
Robert Seacroft, of Thorpe in the Soken, in Lincolnshire, merchant.
Robert Willmot, late of Warwick, painter.
Elizabeth Marsh, of Colton, in Staffordshire, dow, dealer.
Matthew Smith, of King's Lynn, in Norfolk, holder and victualler.
Nicholas Downing, of Holt, in Norfolk, grocer, draper, and tallow chandler.
John Hewitt, late of Wetherly, in Leicestershire, but now of Welford, in Gloucestershire, work-knitter.
Thomas Jernegan, of Winchester-Street, London, dealer.
William Marsh, of Mount-Street, St. George, Hanover Square, upholsterer.
Francis Henry Shepherd, of Shadwell, in Essex, butcher.
Joseph English, of Bocking, in Essex, butcher.
Robert Powel, now or late of the parish of drinded, in Radnorshire, and Walter Price, or late of the parish of Llanyre, in Radnorshire, copartners and dealers.
John Cliffe, late of Harp-Alley, near Fleet Street, London, upholsterer and broker.
Thomas Pickering, of Manchester, woolen draper.
Henry Ellenthorne, now or late of Del Fenchurch Street, London, wine draper.
Samuel Dean, of King Street, near Hoxton, St. Leonard, Shoreditch, wine merchant.
John Cecil, of Birmngham, money scrivener.
Thomas Clay, of Theobald's Road, near St. Pauls, white-smith and brazer.
William Pollard, of Bristol, dealer in spiritous liquors.
Richard Hewitt, late of Fore Street, in the parish of St. Andrew, carpenter.
Richard Brown, of G esse Street, in the parish of St. Pancras, carver and gilder.
William Gauld, of Snow Hill, London, dealer.

Nov. 780.
 Charles Waltham and Humphry John Payne, of
 Clerkenwell, London, linen-draper and partners.
 Joseph Bell, of Clerkenwell, Close, watchcase-maker.
 George Martin, of Bristol, hofier.
 Thomas Sutton, of Broad Street, Ratcliff-Cross,
 hosier.
 Michael Lucas, of New Baſinghall Street, Lon-
 don, merchant.
 George Colebrooke, late of London, Bc. banker.
 John Abbott, of St. James's, Westminster, up-
 holder.
 Richard Woodhouse, of Sutton, Coldfield, in
 Warwickshire, maltster.
 Thomas Staton, late of Crooked lane, London,
 gun-maker.
 John Skelton, late of the parish of Grimley, in
 Worcestershire, dealer in horses.
 Peter Clarke, late of Lower East Smithfield, coal-
 merchant.
 James Hall, of Hunſlet, in the parish of Leeds, in
 Yorkshire, butcher.
 Edward Trelawny, of George-Street, near the
 Minories, London, coal merchant.
 Thomas Sansbury, of Calthrop, in the parish of
 Banbury, in Oxfordshire, baker.
 George Slack, late of High Ireby, in Cumberland,
 grocer.
 James Buckham, of Wooler, in Northumberland,
 druggiſt and apothecary.
 Samuel Lutter the younger, of Red Lion-Street,
 Clerkenwell, carcase butcher.
 James Attey, of Newcastle upon Tyne, sugar-
 baker.

accounts of great quantities of tobacco raised
 and saved there this season, great part of which
 has been sent to Dublin and other great towns,
 where it has borne, within a trifle, as good
 a price as that imported from America. Most
 of the farmers and gentlemen in the county
 of Gallway, we hear, raise what serves their
 own consumption, besides what is raised for
 sale; and so great is the produce, that one
 gentleman raised to perfection 16,000 plants
 on three acres of land.

A proposal has, we hear, been offered to
 the merchants of this city, to form a com-
 pany to trade to the coast of Africa and the
 West-Indies, on a most eligible plan. It is
 now under consideration, and if it takes
 place, will accelerate this kingdom's taking
 advantage of its late extension of trade. The
 only objection made against this scheme is,
 the enormous premium of insurance demand-
 ed on our vessels in consequence of the
 risks they undergo.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

[From the LONDON GAZETTE.]

Whitehall, November 14, 1780.

*Copy of a Letter from Sir Henry Clinton, K. B.
 to Lord George Germain, one of his Majesty's
 principal Secretaries of State, received by
 Captain St. George, one of Sir Henry Clin-
 ton's Aides du Camp, who arrived from New-
 York, in the Fortune Frigate.*

My Lord, New York, Oct. 12, 1780.

I N my separate letter of yesterday's date, I
 had the honour of informing your lord-
 ship, that the American Major-General Ar-
 nold had quitted the rebel service, and joined
 the king's standard; and I at the same time
 gave your lordship a circumstantial detail of
 the reasons that induced him to take this step,
 as well as the unfortunate failure of a plan
 which I had the most sanguine hopes, if carried
 into execution, would have been productive
 of the greatest good consequences to his ma-
 jesty's service, but which terminated most
 fatally for Major André, my adjutant gene-
 ral, who, being taken prisoner, was tried
 by a board of rebel general officers, and con-
 demned by their sentence to suffer death;
 which sentence was ordered by the rebel
 General Washington to be carried into exe-
 cution upon this unhappy gentleman on the
 2d instant. I sincerely lament the melan-
 choly fate of this officer, who was a very
 valuable assistant to me, and promised to be
 an honour to his country, as well as an or-
 nament to his profession.

I had the honour to transmit to your
 lordship, in my dispatch, marked 104, a
 copy of the instructions I proposed giving to
 Major-General Leslie, whom I had appointed
 to command the expedition to Chesapeake, in
 order that your lordship might be informed
 as to the principal objects of it.

This

COUNTRY NEWS.

Oxford, October 18.

LAST week divers tradesmen of this city
 were defrauded of sums to the amount
 upwards of 100l. by a female sharper of
 very genteel address and appearance, who had
 made Oxford her residence for about three
 weeks past, in company with a person who
 spoke, or affected to speak, broken English,
 and whom she called her husband. This
 was effected by negotiating false and
 counterfeit notes on copper-plate cheques.
 Those put off here were filled up in an ex-
 tending good hand, payable to Robert Pearce
 Esq. order, at a banker's in Lombard-street,
 London; the last indorser, A. Clifford: And
 seems the lady had daily practised the art
 going from shop to shop in an affable
 way, purchasing trifles with ready money,
 and telling the people she should be a better
 customer hereafter, being come to make a
 considerable stay. Having thus made a slight
 acquaintance, the day she left Oxford she
 went round and took up silver and other
 goods, every where taking change out of her
 counterfeit notes. The several articles thus
 taken up they likewise found means to carry
 off last Friday night, assisted by a third person,
 their accomplice, and who went off with them
 privately after dark in the same post chaise.
 Upon breaking open the door of the apart-
 ment where they lodged, in a large leather
 trunk (supposed to contain their wearing
 apparel, which they also left locked) were
 found only a couple of walking sticks.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin, Nov. 18.

ADVICES from various parts of the
 kingdom, but especially from the county
 of Galway, give particular and very pleasing

This expedition will certainly fail the first favourable wind, the troops having been embarked for some days, and every necessary arrangement made for that purpose.

Your lordship will receive herewith a state of the troops under my command on the 1st instant, together with a distribution of the same as they stood on the 6th of that month. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

H. CLINTON.

Admiralty-Office, Nov. 14, 1780. Captain Brisbane, late commander of his majesty's ship Alcide, arrived at this office yesterday with dispatches from Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney and Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot, giving an account of the arrival of the former at New-York on the 14th of September last, with eleven sail of line of battle ships and four frigates, and of his having taken upon him the command of his majesty's ships on that station.

Extract of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Royal Oak, at Sea, Oct. 17, 1780.

HAVING accidentally fallen in with the *Fortunée*, under the orders of Adm. Sir George Rodney to proceed to England, I avail myself of the opportunity to acquaint you, for their lordships' information, that I put to sea with this squadron, from Gardiner's Bay, on the 10th instant, intending to cruise between the east end of Long Island and Nantucket shoals; but, on the 14th falling in with the transports and victuallers under the escort of the *Hyæna* (from which the *Adamant* had separated a few days) I judged it expedient, on account of the number of rebel privateers fitted out to intercept it, to see them off Sandy Hook, which they entered yesterday.

I am now proceeding to resume the cruising station before mentioned.

The Chevalier de Ternay and his squadron yet remain at Rhode Island.

The squadron under my command is in the best order and ready for any service.

Six privateers, mounting 20 guns, and manned by upwards of 700 seamen, have been, since my last, captured from the rebels by his majesty's cruisers, and carried into New-York; and this day, after a chase from the squadron, by signals, for six hours, the *Culloden* came up with and took the privateer ship *Washington*, of Boston, mounting 20 six pounders, and 120 men.

On the 30th ult. the *Pearl*, being off Bermuda, fell in with the French frigate *L'Espérance* of 28 twelve-pounders, which after an action of two hours struck to the superior gallantry and good conduct of Captain Montague. The prize arrived at New-York two days ago.

For the particulars of the above-mentioned action see the following extract of Captain

George Montague's letter to Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, dated off New-York, Oct. 13, 1780.

Extract of a Letter from Captain George Montague, of his Majesty's Ship the Pearl, to George Brydges Rodney.

ON the 30th of September we fell in with a French ship, who engaged us for two hours, and maintained a running fight for two hours and an half more, when she struck. She proved to be *L'Espérance* from Cape François, bound to Bourdeaux, frigate belonging to the king, but laden with the merchants, and having only a letter marque, mounting 26 twelve pounders on her main-deck, and 2 six pounders on the quarter deck, with 173 men: She had 6 killed, and 24 wounded. I think it a justice due to the captain to say, that he defended his ship with great bravery. The *Pearl* had 6 men killed and 10 wounded; among the former was first Lieutenant Foulke, marines, and the latter Mr. Dunbar, marine.

The very cool and determined behaviour of the officers and ship's company merits most sincere acknowledgements.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE capture of Mr. Laurens and his private papers, as mentioned in the *Chronologer* of our last month's magazine, likely to bring on a very serious altercation with the Dutch, to whom Sir Joseph Yorke has lately presented the following memorial:

"High and Mighty Lords,

"The king my master has shown, during the whole course of his reign, the most firm desire to maintain the union that has subsisted for more than a century past between crown and the Republick. This union is on the immutable basis of a reciprocal interest; and as it has greatly contributed to the happiness of both nations, the natural policy of the one and the other sets every engine of her policy to work in order to defend it; for some time past that enemy has been but too successful, being supported by a faction that seeks to govern the republick, and ever ready to sacrifice the general interest to private views.

"The king has seen with as much surprise as regret, the little effect produced by his repeated claims of the succours stipulated by treaties, and the representations of his ambassador, respecting the daily infractions of the most solemn engagements.

"The moderation of the king induces him to attribute this conduct of your Majesty to the intrigues of a predominant cabal, and his majesty is still willing to be persuaded that your justice and wisdom will determine you to fulfil your engagements towards him, and to prove by your conduct your resolution to put in force the system formed by the wisdom of your

and the only one that can secure the nation and the glory of the republick.

The answer of your High Mightinesses to this declaration, which the undersigned by express order of his court, will be a touchstone of your intentions towards the king.

For a long time past his majesty had observed indications of the designs of a mad king; but the papers of Mr. Laurens, who is himself President of the pretended Congress, furnish the discovery of a plot without precedent in the annals of the republick. It appears by these papers, that some gentlemen of Amsterdam have opened a correspondence with the American rebels, so early in the month of August 1778; and that instructions and full powers have been given to them relative to the conclusion of a treaty of indissoluble amity with these rebels, subordination of a sovereign to whom the republick is bound by the strictest engagements. The authors of this plot do not pretend to deny the contrary, they avow it, and endeavour in vain to justify it.

It is in these circumstances, that his majesty, relying on the equity of your High Mightinesses, demands a formal disavowal of so scandalous a conduct, no less contrary to your sacred engagements, than to the fundamental laws of the Batavian constitution, which equally demands a speedy satisfaction proportioned to the offence, and an exemplary punishment of the pensionary Van der Meer, and his accomplices, as disturbers of public peace, and violators of the laws of the king. His majesty is persuaded that the answer of your High Mightinesses will be just and satisfactory in all respects: But if the contrary should happen; if your High Mightinesses should deny so just a request, or by silence to elude it, which will be taken upon as a refusal, then the king must be obliged to look upon the republick, heretofore approving attempts that she refuses to approve and punish; and after a similar conduct, his majesty will find himself under a necessity to take such measures as the support of his dignity, and the essential interests of his people require. Done at the Hague the 10th of November, 1780.

(Signed) Le Chevalier YORKE." Letter from Cherbourg, dated Oct. 17, 1780. On Sunday night we had one of the most violent storms ever known in this neighbourhood; several ships were driven out of the port to sea, and have not been heard of since. The sea arose in so extraordinary a manner, that we expected nothing less than a deluge. At Valogne, twelve miles from Cherbourg, the convent of St. Martin was destroyed by the lightning in a most extraordinary manner; in the forest of Tour le Bois the trees were set on fire by the lightning, which were incessant for somewhat more than two hours, and seemed to threat-

en a general conflagration here; our greatest fears were for our grand magazine, which is full of powder, as is usual in war time. Wet sails were laid about it to prevent accidents, and luckily it escaped. The height of the tempest was about ten o'clock, but the commotion of the element had not subsided at two in the morning; several vessels are lost on the coast near Barfleur, and more to the westward of us, in the bay near Port Bailli."

A letter from Bourdeaux advises, that although the affairs of France in the Peninsula of India are in a bad way, yet their commerce in the eastern parts of Asia proposes to make ample amends for that of which the English have lately deprived them of there. That with China is daily increasing; but above all, the prospect of a new and extensive trade with the isles of Japan, which as been lately opened in consequence of a treaty with the Japanese monarch, promises great and ample returns, together with the re-establishment of the French East-India company on a footing more stable and brilliant than ever. This event has been brought about by the mediation of two Franciscan monks, whose zeal for the promulgation of the Christian faith, induced them at the peril of their lives to visit Japan, and make their way to the imperial court.

Letters from Paris, dated Oct. 15, say, that M. de Sartine, the minister of the marine, is dismissed. M. Amelot, minister and secretary of state, went to him in the name of the king and demanded his state-papers. It is said, that he delivered to him a letter from the king, who thanked him in obliging terms for his services in the marine.

Accounts from the same place say, that on the 3d ult. the village of Aleboft, in the Upper Vivarais, together with some neighbouring places, were laid waste, and the vintage totally destroyed, by a very heavy and uncommon storm of hail. Above 900 people, from the prospect of a plentiful harvest, are reduced to the utmost poverty, which cannot be remedied for some time; all the trees having been damaged in the most destructive manner.

A letter from Florence, dated Oct. 13, says, some time past the island of Candia hath been afflicted with continual earthquakes. The castle of Eropetra, with 300 Turks in it, and 13 villages, have been entirely swallowed up, with all their inhabitants.

Letters from Reggio and Calabria in Italy advise, that those countries have suffered lately by dreadful inundations, which have swept away houses, farms, plantations and drowned a great number of people and cattle.

We learn from Africa, that an earthquake lately happened at Tangier, which con-

considerably damaged 150 houses in that city.

Letters from Vienna, dated Oct. 4, say, "By a courier arrived with dispatches to the Count de Proli, we learn that the imperial ship *Le Prince de Kaunitz*, Capt. Ange Leep, arrived safely in the port of Trieste on the 30th of September. This ship, the first which has been sent to the East-Indies under the Imperial flag, sailed from L'Orient in Brittany, in March 1779, for Canton in China, from whence she returned, after having put in at the Isle de France, and afterwards at Malaga, with a cargo valued at about two millions and a half of German florins, consisting of tea, rhubarb, and various other commodities."

A ship arrived at Lisbon from Janeiro, brings the following particulars of the late insurrection in the Spanish American colonies:

"*Arequipa*, Jan. 26. The menaces which appeared in many pasquinades and other more insolent papers, fixed up in the publick places, began to be realised in the night of the 13th instant, by a tumult before the Custom-house. On the 14th the rioters began to pillage it: they burnt the papers therein, and stole 4000 piastres in specie: The governor and his subalterns made their escape, except the principal officer, whose head they pierced through with a javelin. In the night of the 15th the commotion became general and disorderly among the populace: They entirely stripped the house of the corregidore of every thing, leaving only

the bare walls: an office in which were 30,000 piastres in specie, belonging to one of his farmers, named Don Joseph Caparos, met with the same fate; and the rioters forced open all the jails, and loose the prisoners. On the 16th the civility and the principal inhabitants of the city put themselves into a better posture of defence: they formed a company of militia commanded by Atraminda, and another of grenadiers under the orders of Salas. About four in the afternoon I got my regiment together: nine companies secured the entrances of the city, and patrolled the streets. Two parties were formed, one against the custom-house, the other composed of the populace against the corregidore and his other persons. Notwithstanding the stout defense in which we were put, the Indians of Pampa came and assailed us the night at ten o'clock, to the number above 800. The company of Don Ramundo Telan, who guarded that entrance, made a good resistance, but were at last forced by a shower of stones to retreat to the square of St. Maria: they were there joined by the company of nobles, that of the grenadiers, and by three companies of cavalry, who obliged the Indians to retreat, leaving many dead and wounded on the road to Pampa. An hour after midnight not one Indian remained behind; and on the 17th in the morning, I traversed with my companies all the roads, and the barracks situated on the eminences, and made no prisoners.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

TO

CORRESPONDENTS.

WE hope our fair correspondent R. L. will consider our immediate insertion of the *Dialogue on Self-love*, as a proof of distinguished approbation; the future communications of the same lady will be equally esteemed.

The remarks of a stranger on the new buildings in London are received, and will be equally esteemed.

The song by G. R. will appear in our next.

The Swiss gentleman's letter on English liberty is come to hand, but will require time to be examined.

The tract on a liberal education is too long, it may be abridged without diminishing its merit, if the writer approves it. An answer is requested.

The petition of a well known old gentleman, and the counter petition, will be inserted in our next, or in the Appendix.

The Egyptian tale shall be long postponed.

The Decision, a poetic tale, is received, and approved.

The Unhappy Pair, in our next.

The account of the death of an honest Quaker should have been sent to a newspaper.

True Blue, a song, is an elegant compliment to the gentleman, but is too far a subject for our miscellany.

The Acrostic, by Amicus, falls under the same description, and cannot be inserted.

Many thanks to Botanicus for his kind hint; but we have already given an account of an aloe in bloom, with an ample description of all the species of aloes in XXXIII. of our Magazine, for the year 1764, page 418.

Or,

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